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THE PAINTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

I will paint a little scene,
Such as Life often sees,
The sunshine quivering down between
The ever waving trees,
A tide of billowy moss
Upsurging o'er the slope,
And soft green grass where safely hid
The timid wild-flowers ope!

And there sits a maid and dreams
Of sweet great things to be,
Her quiet eye, up-looking, seems
To see what angels see.
She knoweth naught of the world,
But she reads the mysteries
That blossom daily with the flowers,
And speak in murmuring trees.

I will paint another scene,
Such as Life often sees,—
There's no room for the sun between
Two faces 'neath the trees.
One proud and one blushing face,—
Who cares for birds or bees?
Each in the other's true heart finds
A deeper life than these.

I will paint another scene,
Such as Life often sees,—
The heart that's here will break, I ween,
For the stillness of the trees.
She seeketh around in vain
Some glance to meet her own,—
And if so sweet a thing could pain,
Would loathe the bird's glad tone.

Idly she pulleth the bude,
And tosseth them aside,—
"Why, let them fade,—beyond these woods,
Far better things have died!"
She knows too much of the world,
And she adds to the mysteries
Of bleeding hearts and fading flowers
And the autumn of the trees!

THE MYSTERY:

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

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Chandos was a red, gothic-looking house, with gables and turrets and two wings. It struck me as looking *low*, not elevated; no steps ascended to the house, and the rooms on the ground floor were level with the ground outside. It was but two stories high, with the exception of some rooms in the roof, bed-chambers of the domestics. Handsome grounds were around it to some extent, but intersected by so many trees, except just close to the house, as to impart a weird-like, gloomy appearance: they completely shut Chandos House from the view of the world beyond, and the beyond world from the view of Chandos. The carriage had barely stopped, when a gentleman, followed by a groom, came galloping up on horseback: he threw himself from his horse, and hastened to the carriage door.

"Back just in time to receive you, Emily. How are you, my dear?"

She jumped lightly from the carriage, and he was turning away with her when he saw me. His look of intense surprise was curious to behold, and he stopped in hesitation.—Emily spoke: her tone a slighting one, almost disparaging.

"It's only my companion. Would you believe it, Harry, Alfred took a prudent fit, and would not suffer me to travel alone. So I engaged Miss Hereford: she was in quest of a situation, and we knew each other in days gone by."

He assisted me from the carriage. It was the same fine man I had seen some years before at Mademoiselle Barlieu's: the same pale countenance, with its sad expression; the same sweet voice. He then gave his arm to his sister, and I followed them to the sitting-room. They called it the oak parlor; a large, square room, somewhat dark, its colors harmoniously blending, and its windows shaded with trained clematis and jessamine. It was the favorite sitting-room at Chandos; other reception-rooms there were; a gorgeous drawing room, a well-stored library, a spacious dining-room; but the oak parlor was the favorite, and none could wonder at it, for it was just one of those seductive apartments that speak to the feelings of repose.

"Where's mamma?" exclaimed Emily, as we entered.

"Not far; she will be here directly, you may be sure," he replied. "Is this your first visit to our part of the country, Miss Hereford?"

"Yes. I never was here before."

Now what was there in this reply to offend Madame de Mellisie? She turned round, haughty pride stamped on every line of her countenance, rebuke on her tongue: though the rebuke lay in the tone, rather than in the words.

"Miss Hereford! the gentleman to whom you speak is Mr. Chandos."

Had I again omitted the sign of my dependent situation, the "sir?" I, who had resolved, with my burning face (burning again now), never so to offend for the future. I supposed that that was the meaning of Madame de Mellisie; I suppose so still, to this hour. I had spoken as though I were the equal of Mr. Chandos: I must not—I *could* not—so offend again.

"Emily, my love, you are welcome."

A little woman had entered the room, and was holding Madame de Mellisie in her arms. It was Lady Chandos. She wore a widow's cap, a rich but soft black silk dress, and black lace mittens. Her nose was sharp, and her small face had a permanent redness, the result of disturbed health. She was not like her daughter, not half so beautiful; and she was not like her handsome son, unless it was in the subdued, sad expression. She quite started back when her eyes fell on me, evidently not prepared to see a stranger.

"Miss Hereford, mamma: a young lady whom I have engaged as companion. Alfred would not let me come alone."

Lady Chandos turned to me with a pleasant smile, though (or I fancied it) there was a moment's hesitation before she did so.

"I think you look more fit to take charge of Miss Hereford, Emily, than Miss Hereford of you," she said.

"I am the elder of the two by some three years, if you mean that, mamma. Oh, it was just a whim of Alfred's."

I went up stairs to the room allotted me: it was on the first floor, as the rest of the bed-chambers were, the library being the only sitting-room. In the right hand wing were the apartments of Lady Chandos; in fact no person occupied rooms in that wing but herself and her maid—Hill, whom you may recollect. Hill was at Chandos still, lady's maid and housekeeper; a confidential servant. It seemed to me that these wings had some time been added to the house, for they were quite shut out apart from it. A green baize door, then a narrow corridor, and then another door took you to the wing—the same on both sides. These wings had each a staircase communicating their upper and lower floors, also an egress to the grounds by a small door on the ground floor: this door in the east wing had been closed up; but in the west wing, the one inhabited by Lady Chandos, it was open, though no one ever made use of it but herself, and she very rarely.

My room was next to the library. I was standing at the open window, looking out, when voices near, from another open window, (I supposed the library,) struck upon my ear. They were those of Lady and Mr. Chandos.

"This is just one of Emily's wild tricks," the former said. "She knows quite enough of our unhappy secrets to be sure that a stranger is not wanted at Chandos. And yet she brings one!"

"Look for the most improbable thing in the world, mother, before you look for discretion or thought in Emily," was the reply of Mr. Chandos. "But this is but a young girl, unsuspicious naturally, from her age and sex: Emily might have introduced one more dangerous. And it may happen, mother, that—"

"I know what you would urge, Harry; but there's no certainty. There cannot be and it is most unfortunate that Emily should have brought her here. Every night, night by night as they come round, I lie awake shivering; if the wind does but move the trees, I start; if an owl shrieks forth its dreary note, I almost shriek with it. And, for a stranger to be sleeping in the house! Harry, I have never, I hope, done a discourteous thing, but it did occur to me to put this young girl to sleep on the upper story. I think her being so lady-like in appearance saved her from it, not my good manners. I wish now I had done it. Is it too late? Would it do to change her room?"

There was a pause, and then Mr. Chandos's voice rose again, his tone one of decision.

"You are the best judge, mother; but it appears to me that a lady would consider it in the light of an indignity. You see, those upper rooms are only reached by the back staircase; and, to gain that staircase, she must go past the kitchen and other domestic apartments. If this staircase conducted to them, it would be different."

"True. But don't forget, Harry, that if this staircase led to them, we could no longer ensure privacy at night in these rooms and the wings. I cannot think how Emily can have been so senseless! when she knows that not a stranger has been admitted to sleep in this house since—since that dreadful time. Except her husband; and I am sure I trembled every night they stayed here, all the six weeks, and was thankful when they were gone again; at least, when he was."

"Nothing happened then, mother. Nothing, let us hope, will happen now."

"Harry, we cannot answer for it. And there's another thing—on Ethel's account a stranger is not desirable. Emily might have thought of that."

The voices ceased, leaving me not over comfortable. But I could do nothing to remedy it—to remedy either their evident embarrassment (whatever may have been its cause and nature) or my own. I wondered whether my room would be changed.

It was not. We dined together, spent a pleasant evening, and then I retired to rest, to this chamber next the library. I wondered what the mystery could be; I marvelled whether I should be disturbed in my sleep. What unseemly or uncanny doings could there be in the house, rendering it inexpedient that a stranger should be its inmate?—was it haunted by ghosts? or by something worse? At any rate, they did not molest me, and my sleep was tranquil.

Some letters were brought in the following morning while we were at breakfast: Mr. Chandos took them off the waiter, which the man held out. I was seated next him, and saw the addresses as he looked them over. One was for "Lady Chandos," two for "Harry Chandos, Esquire," the fourth for "Mrs. Chandos."

"None for me?" pouted Emily.

"No," he answered, as he passed his mother's to her; and, motioning to the servant to raise his salver again, he placed the other one on it.

"For Mrs. Chandos."

The servant carried the letter from the room, and I wondered who could be "Mrs. Chandos." They read their letters, Emily talked and laughed, and the meal came to an end. At its conclusion Mr. Chandos offered to go round the grounds with his sister.

"Yes, I'll go," she answered. "You can also, Miss Hereford, if you like. But we must get our bonnets and parasols first, Harry."

My bonnet and parasol were soon got, and I stood at my bed-room door, waiting for Emily. As she came out of her chamber, the green baize door, leading to the east wing, opened, and a middle aged lady appeared at it. Madame de Mellissie advanced and cordially saluted her.

"I should have paid you a visit yesterday, Mrs. Freeman, but that I heard Mrs. Chandos was ill."

"You are very kind, madam," was the lady's reply. "Mrs. Chandos was exceeding unwell yesterday, but she is better to-day. She—"

Mrs. Freeman was interrupted. A lovely looking girl—girl she looked, though she may have been six or seven-and-twenty—appeared at the door of one of the rooms in the wing. Her dress was white, trimmed with lavender ribbons, and she came forward eagerly, smiling.

"I heard you had come, Emily, dear, and should have joined you all yesterday, but I was so poorly," she said, clasping Madame de Mellissie's hand. "How well you look!"

"And you look well also," replied Emily. "We must never judge you by your looks, Mrs. Chandos."

"No, that you must not. I always look in rude health, in spite of my ailments," laughed Mrs. Chandos. "Will you not come and sit with me for half an hour?"

"Of course I will," was Madame de Mellissie's reply, as she untied her bonnet and threw it to me carelessly, speaking as careless words.

"Have the goodness to tell Mr. Chandos that I am not going out yet." Mr. Chandos, who had not noticed me before, turned round in surprise, and looked at me; but Madame de Mellissie did not, I suppose, deem me worth an introduction.

I went down stairs to deliver her message. Mr. Chandos was walking in the oak parlor, talking to his mother.

"Madame de Mellissie has desired me to say that she will not go out yet, sir."

"I did not expect she would," he answered with a laugh, "for she is changeable as the wind. Tell her so from me, will you, Miss Hereford?"

"Very well, sir."

I returned to my own room, took off my things, and sat down to think.

Who was Mrs. Chandos?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HOUSE TO LET OUTSIDE THE GATES OF CHANDOS.

That day was a dull one, for I had not felt at home, and could not make myself feel so, try as I would. Madame de Mellissie went out in the carriage with Lady Chandos, and I stayed chiefly in my room. I saw no more of Mrs. Chandos; she did not appear at dinner or in the evening; which set me wondering whether she lived alone, shut up in that wing. Mr. Chandos dined out, and returned but just as we were retiring to rest.

We assembled at breakfast the next morning, as on the previous one, four of us, not Mrs. Chandos. It did puzzle me very much to know who she could be: the most probable supposition was, that she was a daughter-in-law of the house, wife of one of the sons.

"How many brothers have you?" I had inquired of Emily, when musing over this.

"Two," she answered. "Harry, and my eldest brother, Tom."

"Have you but any?"

"Any brothers? A little one; Greville. He died when he was six years old. Why do you ask?"

"I was only wondering who Mrs. Chandos was."

She turned on me a haughty face of reproof.

"It certainly is no affair of yours, Miss Hereford. Mrs. Chandos is Mrs. Chandos; she is no impostor."

"I beg your pardon, madam," I meekly answered, feeling I had deserved it. What right had I, Anne Hereford, to be curious, and to show it?

This had been the previous day, and we met, I say, at breakfast. The letters were brought in: only two; one for Mr. Chandos, one for Madame Alfred de Mellissie.

"I thought he would be writing," she exclaimed in a tone of apathy, as she stretched out her hand for the letter. "Though I know he hates it like poison, Frenchman like."

"It is not your husband's hand, Emily," said Mr. Chandos.

"No? Why—I declare it is old Madame de Mellissie's! What can be amiss?" she uttered as she tore open the letter.

"There! was ever anything like that?" she continued. "Alfred's taken ill: his fancied gastric fever has turned into a real one. And I must go back without delay," she says.

"Is he very ill?" inquired Lady Chandos.

"So *she* says. In danger. But the old lady is timid and fanciful. Mamma, must I go?"

"You are the best judge, Emily," replied Lady Chandos in a grave tone. "If you will allow me to see the letter, I could better advise you, possibly."

"See it and welcome; read it out for the public benefit, if you will. Look at Harry, staring at me with all his eyes; deeming me no doubt the very model of a loving wife."

"Emily! can you have read this letter?" sharply interrupted Lady Chandos. "If so, how can you hesitate? Your husband is in danger: he may not survive: he will not, unless a change takes place. You must hasten away by the first train."

"Mamma, you need not take the half of it for gospel. Madame de Mellissie is so wrapt up in her charming son that if his finger aches she sends for a doctor, fearing it may mortify."

"Child! I must recommend you to go."

"Of course I shall go, I never meant to hesitate," was the peevish answer. "But it is excessively tiresome."

She hastened from the breakfast table when the meal was over, and Mr. Chandos went with her into the hall, speaking of the time and arrangements for departure. I was following.

"You need not come, Anne. I do not want you just now," she said.

"But I have my own things to pack."

"Your own things! What for? I am not going to take you."

What was I to answer? I could not say "You shall take me;" but, after the conversation I had heard between Mr. and Lady Chandos, the idea of remaining behind was not pleasant.

"I shall not be away more than a few days," she added. "You and mamma can let her stay for that time, can't you, Harry?"

Provided Miss Hereford will make herself at home with us, which I do not fancy she has yet done," was his reply, looking at me with a smile.

"Oh, she is one who always gives you the notion of being shy," carelessly returned Emily.

And no more was said then. Whether any remonstrance was made on the part of Lady Chandos, I cannot tell. I hinted to Emily, when we were alone, that my staying might not be agreeable to Chandos House; her reply was, that they must make it agreeable, for there was no accommodation for me at old Madame de Mellissie's. And by mid day she was gone, Pauline attending her, and Mr. Chandos accompanying her to the station.

What was I to do with myself? Put on my things and go out? As I came down with them on, and was crossing the hall, Lady Chandos met me.

"Going abroad, Miss Hereford?"

"If you have no objection, madam. But I was only going because I felt at a loss for something to occupy myself with. Perhaps you can give me something to do, Lady Chandos?"

"I cannot aid you, I believe. It is a pity Madame de Mellissie should have left you here, for I fear you will find it dull: but I suppose there was no help for it. You will meet with many pleasant walks in the neighborhood. There is one particularly so, to the left, as you leave the gates, exceedingly rural and quiet."

I found the walk she spoke of, and stayed out for nearly two hours. Not a single house, but one, did I pass: I found afterwards that what houses there were in the neighborhood lay to the right. This one house stood in view of the entrance gates; a substantial, moderate-sized house, closed at present, and displaying a board "To Let." I had half a mind to open its front gate and explore the garden, if it had been out long enough, and turned to Chandos.

I was not to get home without an adventure. In passing through the small iron gate, by the side of the large one, an awfully fierce and large dog sprang forward, savagely barking. He you very sure I flew back, and shut the gate between us: why he did not leap over the gate, I don't know: he stood there barking, and rattling part of a chain that was attached to his collar.

Now I make no hesitation in confessing that I am afraid of dogs; of a dog which appears fierce, terribly afraid. It may arise from my never having been brought into contact with them, or it may arise from innate dislike and dread. I cowered there in an agony of fear, not daring to run away, lest the angry animal should leap the gate and spring upon me.

Footsteps came, and I looked round. It was Mr. Chandos. He saw what was the matter, and seemed to make but one bound to the gate.

"Stay there, Miss Hereford."

He passed through it himself, and confronted the dog: the dog confronted him, barking still.

"Nero!"

The voice allayed the angry passions, and the dog stepped up. Mr. Chandos seized the end of the chain.

"You and I must have a settling for this, Nero. Will you come here, Miss Hereford, and I will teach him to know you, so that he does not alarm you again, should he get loose. He must have broken his chain."

"Oh, sir, pray don't make me come near him!"

Mr. Chandos turned his face quickly to words me.

"Are you afraid of dogs?"

"Very much, sir. I don't think anything could overcome my fear of them."

Up came one of the grooms at this moment, running in search of the dog. What passed exactly I cannot tell; I was too agitated. Mr. Chandos spoke sharply to him, and the man answered, in a tone of deprecation, that it was no fault of his, that the dog sometimes, in his fits of effort to get loose, was as a "born devil," and in one of those fits had, a quarter of an hour before, snapped his chain, and burst through the stable window.

"He has run the fit off, then," said Mr. Chandos, "for he is quiet enough now.—Take him back, and mind you secure him fast."

The man took the chain in his hand, and went off, leading the dog. Mr. Chandos came through the gate again. I was leaning against the iron rails then, wiping the perspiration from my face; I could feel its ashy paleness.

"My poor child!" he uttered. "It has indeed frightened you. Do you feel faint?"

"I shall not faint, sir. I never fainted in my life."

He helped me through the gate, and then, placing my hand within his arm, walked on. Underneath the thick cypress trees, we came to a bench—many such benches were about the grounds—and Mr. Chandos made me sit down, and seated himself beside me.

"You will be all the better for resting here before walking in. How did it happen? Where did you and Mr. Nero encounter each other?"

"I had been out walking, sir. Lady Chandos told me of a pretty walk there is to the left, outside the gates. In coming back, I was just inside the gate, when the dog came on, leaping and barking."

"And you were frightened?"

"Very much frightened! Had I not occasion, sir? One moment later and he might have torn me to pieces."

"It is my dog," he resumed, "and I am exceedingly sorry he should have given you the alarm. Will you return good for evil?"

"Good for evil! In what manner, sir?" I asked.

"By not mentioning this to my mother," he replied. "She has a great dislike to dogs being on the premises, and when a friend, who was then dying, gave me this dog some months back, she would only consent to its coming here on condition that it should be kept tied up. It is a valuable dog, though fierce on occasions, the confinement to which it is condemned making it more fierce. I will take care it does not break bounds again, and I would prefer that my mother should not know of this."

"I will not tell her, sir. I suppose Lady Chandos dislikes dogs as much as I do."

"She does not dislike dogs: she rather likes them. But she objects—at least she has objected latterly—to have dogs loose about the premises."

"She fears their going mad, perhaps."

Mr. Chandos laughed.

"No, she does not fear that. How long have you known my sister?" he resumed, rapidly changing the subject.

"I knew her a little at Mademoiselle Barlieu's. I entered the school just before she left."

"Then you must have known—have known—the circumstances under which she quitted it?"

He had begun the sentence rapidly, as if impelled to it by impulse, but after the hesitation, continued it more slowly.

"Yes, sir. They could not be concealed from the school."

"A mad act—a mad act!" he murmured; "and—if I may read signs—heartily repented of. It was an exemplification of the old saying, Miss Hereford, 'Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.' Poor Emily has leisure enough for it before her. I went over at the time to Mademoiselle Barlieu's."

"Yes, sir, I saw you. I saw you coming down with Mademoiselle Annette from Mademoiselle Barlieu's chamber, and I hid myself in a niche of the hall while you passed. I knew you again as soon as I met you here."

"You must have a good memory for faces, then," he laughed, "to have recollected me after so passing a sight."

"I think a circumstance made me recollect you. It was, that your face struck upon me at Mademoiselle Barlieu's as being familiar to my memory: I felt sure that if I had not seen you before, I had seen some one very like you."

He turned round and looked at me a full minute ere he spoke.

"Like whom, Miss Hereford?"

"I cannot tell, sir. I wish I could tell.—The resemblance haunts me still."

Mr. Chandos was about to reply, when a gentleman advanced from the direction of the road. He was a stout man, carrying a roll of paper or parchment, and was wiping his brows, his hat off.

"You look warm, Dexter. How are you?"

"It's a close day for autumn, and I walked over," was the response of the new comer.—"I'm glad to catch you at home, Mr. Chandos. I have had an offer for this house."

"Which house?" repeated Mr. Chandos, making room for him to sit down. "I have been turning myself into a knight-errant, Dexter; delivering a lady from the fangs of a ferocious dog."

Mr. Dexter looked as if he did not know whether to take the words in jest or earnest.

"That dog of mine got loose. He appears to have been appropriately named, Nero; he terrified this young lady nearly out of her life. I really do not know but he would have attacked her, had I not come home at the very moment. She is sitting here to gain breath and courage. About the house?"

"I speak of this house by your gates, sir," resumed Mr. Dexter, after giving me a polite nod. "Haines came over to me this morning, saying a gentleman wished to take it, and required to enter immediately."

"What gentleman? Who is he?"

"Nobody in this neighborhood, sir, a stranger. He spoke of a Mr. Freshfield, but was not clear upon the point whether it was for Mr. Freshfield himself, or for a friend of Mr. Freshfield's. It's all perfectly right, Haines says; he will be answerable for that; rent as safe as it is were paid beforehand."

"Well, I shall be glad to let the house," returned Mr. Chandos. "You need not rise, Miss Hereford; we are not discussing secrets. It has been empty these nine months, you know, Dexter; and empty houses bring no good to themselves."

"Very true, sir. I had an offer for it some days back, but did not trouble you with it, for I know you would not have accepted the tenant. It was that Major Mann and his lot," added Mr. Dexter, dropping his voice.

"Oh," shortly replied Mr. Chandos, his lip curling. "I should be sorry to have him in view of my gates."

"I was sure of that. He was pressing over it, too; seemed to have taken a fancy for the place. I put him off as civilly as I could; it's no use to make enemies of people, where it can be helped. 'My Lady Chandos will only let it to a quiet tenant,' I told him. 'Wants a Derby and Joan, perhaps,' said he, turning up his nose. 'Something of that sort, major,' I answered; and so the thing dropped through. Haines assures me the present applicant is most respectable; all that could be desired."

"Very well, Dexter, I give you power to treat. You know who would be acceptable and who not, just as well as I do."

"Haines wants the bargain concluded to-day," said Mr. Dexter, rising. "He has orders to furnish at once."

"Is *he* going to furnish?"

"As it appears. I should fancy it may be for somebody just come from abroad. There's plenty of money, Haines says. I had better put a man on to the garden at once, had I not?"

"Yes, do that: it wants looking to. And don't have those complaints about the locks; like we had, you remember, when the last house on the estate was let. Let them be examined throughout the rooms."

"I'm off, then," said Mr. Dexter. "Good-day, sir. My respects to my lady. Good-day, ma'am."

"Good-day," I answered.

"Possessions bring trouble, Miss Hereford," cried Mr. Chandos, as Mr. Dexter moved away. "There are several houses on this estate, and they are almost as much plague as profit. One tenant finds fault and grumbles; another must have this, that and the other done; a third runs away, leaving no rent behind him, and his premises dilapidated. Our last agent was not a desirable one; accepted tenants who had no business to be accepted; he died some months back, and a pretty game we found he had been carrying on grinding them down, and cheating us. Dexter, recently appointed, appears to be a keen man of business, and straightforward: that is, as agents go: they are none of them too honest."

"I think I should let the houses for myself, sir, on my own estate, and not employ an agent."

"Do you mean that as a piece of advice to me, Miss Hereford?" he returned, smiling—"What I might do on my own estate, I cannot answer for: but this one is not mine. It belongs to my brother, Sir Thomas Chandos. The mistress of it, for the time being, is my mother, but I take the trouble off her hands. Why! here's Dexter, coming back again!"

"It is not often I go away and leave half my errand undone, though I have this time," he called out as he came up, and extended the roll of paper he held. "This is the plan of the proposed alteration in the stables at the farm, sir, which you wished to look over. Shall I carry it to the house?"

"By no means. I'll carry it myself if you will give it me," replied Mr. Chandos. And the agent finally departed.

"Are you sufficiently rested, Miss Hereford?"

My answer was to rise and proceed towards the house. Mr. Chandos, walking by my side, seemed absorbed in the roll, which he had partially opened. Lady Chandos came forward as we were entering.

"What is this—about the dog attacking Miss Hereford?" she exclaimed.

The words so took to me, after the wish expressed by Mr. Chandos, and the promise I had given him, that I remained like a stupid mute. He answered—

"Nero got loose, mother. Miss Hereford was in the act of entering the gate—or had just entered, was it not, Miss Hereford?—and he, like a castle's zealous watch-dog, prevented her advancing further."

"Did he touch you, Miss Hereford?" Lady Chandos asked, turning to me.

"He was not quick enough, madam: I ran back beyond the gate. My fear was, that he would leap over, but he did not. Perhaps it was too high."

"But he would have attacked you had you not gone back"

"I think he would. He seemed very savage."

"Harry, this is just what I have feared," Lady Chandos observed to her son, in a peculiarly significant tone. "A fierce, powerful dog like that is liable to break his chain and get loose: and then, should it happen that any stranger is on the premises, he might kill them or maim them. You know why I have feared this."

"The stables are safely closed at night, mother," was the somewhat curious sounding reply of Mr. Chandos.

"Robin says the dog sprang through the window; dashed through the glass. There can be no security against that, day or night."

"My opinion is, that some of the men must have been teasing him, and so worked him into a fury. I shall inquire into it, and if I find it to be the fact, whoever it may have been shall go. Better precaution shall be observed for the future."

"Yes," said Lady Chandos, in a decisive tone, "and that precaution must be the sending away of the dog."

"But really, mother, there is no necessity. He will not—"

"Harry, I am surprised at you. You know why I urge it; why I ought to urge it."

The conversation did not make me feel very comfortable, and I interrupted it.

"I do beg that no change may be made on my account, Lady Chandos. No harm is done. I am not hurt,"

"It is not on your account I am speaking, Miss Hereford. And—as you are not hurt—I am pleased that the thing has happened, because it must prove to Mr. Chandos the necessity of sending away the dog. He could not see it previously."

"I should see it equally with you, mother, were the dog to be insecurely fastened. But if we make him secure—"

"You deemed him secure now," she interrupted. "I will not risk it. Good heavens, Harry, you have forgotten the stake!"

What stake? I thought, as I went up to my room. Certainly the words savored of mystery.

Standing at a window of the corridor and looking out, was the young lady whom they called Mrs. Chandos. She wore a bonnet and shawl, and spoke as I approached.

"I do believe it is raining!"

"Yes," I replied, "it was beginning to fall when I came in."

But it appeared that Mrs. Chandos, when she spoke, had not thought she was addressing me, for she turned round in astonishment at sound of my voice.

"Oh—I beg your pardon," she coldly said. And then I saw that she had a white kitten in her arms. I went into my room, but did not close the door, and in a minute I heard the approach of Mrs. Freeman.

"Did you ever know anything so tiresome?" exclaimed Mrs. Chandos to her. "It is raining fast. I'm sure it is not once in a month, hardly, that I make up my mind to walk in the grounds, but, so sure as I do, I am prevented. It rains, or it snows, or it's too hot, or there's thunder in the air: it comes on purpose, I know."

"Perhaps it will not be much," replied Mrs. Freeman, who, by the sound of her voice, appeared to be also now looking out at the window.

"It will: look at those clouds, gathering fast into one thick mass. Ugh!" she added, with a shiver, "I don't like to hear the dripping of the rain in the trees: it puts me in mind of—of—"

"Of what, my dear?" asked Mrs. Freeman.

"Of the night I first heard those awful tidings. It was raining then, a steady, soaking rain, and I had been listening to its falling on the leaves till the monotony of the sound worried me, and I began wishing *he* was at home. Not on these trees, you know; we were at the other place. Drop, drop, drop; like the rain never sounds but where there are trees for it to fall on. The opening of the room door interrupted me, and my lady came in. Ah! I shall never forget her; her face was white, her eyes were starting, her hands were lifted; I saw there was something dreadful to be told. She sat down, and, drawing me to her, said—

"Hush—sh—sh!" interposed Mrs. Freeman, with sharp caution. "You may be speaking for other ears than mine"

"I was not going to allude to *facts*. My lady asked me if I could bear trouble; fiery trouble, such as had rarely fallen on any in my station of life before; and my answer was to fall into a fainting fit at her feet. Never, since then, have I liked to hear the rain pattering down on the leaves where the trees are thick."

I would have shut my door, but feared it might look ungracious to do so. They had eyes, and could see that it was open, did they please to look; therefore they might choose their subject accordingly. Mrs. Chandos resumed.

"Who is that young lady? She came up the stairs, and I spoke without looking round, thinking it was you"

"I don't know who. A Miss Hereford. She came here with Madame de Mellusie."

"But she is a stranger to Lady Chandos?"

"Entirely so."

"Then why does Lady Chandos permit her to be here? Is it well, in this house of misfortune? Is it prudent?"

"Scarcely so. Of course Lady Chandos can only hope—How you are squeezing that kitten, my dear!"

"Pretty little thing! it likes to be squeezed," responded Mrs. Chandos. "It is hiding itself from you; from that ugly bonnet. You do wear such frightful bonnets! as bad as the weeds of Lady Chandos."

"I do not think widows' weeds ugly," was the reply of Mrs. Freeman. "To some faces they are particularly becoming"

"They are so ugly, so disfiguring, that I hope it will be long before I am called upon to wear them," returned Mrs. Chandos, speaking impulsively. "Were my husband to die—but oh! why am I dwelling upon trifles, when these shuddering griefs are over me; over the house?"

"Suppose you walk about the corridor, my dear? I see no chance of the rain's leaving off."

"No, I'll go back and take my things off, and play with pussy. Poor pussy wanted a walk in the grounds as much as I did. Oh"—with a shriek—"it's gone!"

For the kitten, allured perhaps by the attraction of a promenade in the grounds, had leaped from the arms of Mrs. Chandos on to a shrub below. The shriek brought out Mr. Chandos from the house; he looked up.

"My kitten, Harry," she said. "It has flown away from me. Get it, will you; but I am sorry to give you the trouble."

Mr. Chandos took the kitten from the bush and once more looked up; at my window as well as at theirs.

"Who will come for it? Will you, Miss Hereford?—and oblige my—oblige Mrs. Chandos."

Oblige my—*what?* Was he going to say "sister in law," when he suddenly stopped himself? But, if so, why should he have stopped himself? And how could she be his sister in law? Were she the wife of Sir Thomas she would be Lady Chandos; and Emily had said her brother Thomas was not married. She had said she had but two brothers, Thomas and Harry; who, then, was this young Mrs. Chandos? That she had a husband living was apparent, from the conversation I had just heard; and I had imagined all along that she must be the daughter in law of Lady Chandos.

These thoughts passed through my head as I ran down for the kitten. Mr. Chandos handed it to me, and turned away, for he was called to by some one at a distance. At the same moment the kitten was taken from my hands. It was by Mrs. Freeman, who had also come down.

"I hope it is not hurt, poor thing," she said, looking at it. "It seems lively enough."

"Mr. Chandos said it was not hurt, when he gave it to me."

"Oh that's right. Had it been hurt Mrs. Chandos would have grieved over it. She is fond of this kitten; and she has so few pleasures, poor child."

"Who is Mrs. Chandos?" I asked, in a low tone.

"Madam?" returned Mrs. Freeman.

The tone, cold, haughty, reserved, struck upon me as conveying the keenest reproach for my unjustifiable curiosity; unjustifiable so far as that I had betrayed it. I humbly faltered forth the question again—for she stood looking at me and waiting.

"Who is Mrs. Chandos?"

"Mrs. Chandos?" was the answer, "who should she be? She is Mrs. Chandos."

That same night I saw the dog Nero being taken away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LOST QUEEN CONSORT.

In old, and not well-regulated times, when Kings raised ladies to the rank of peeresses, the peerage suffered by the indignity, from which condition, however, it recovered, in the persons of those ladies' descendants. In these latter days, the Crown sometimes acknowledges the services rendered by making peeresses of their widows. There is only one modern instance of a Sovereign raising an unmarried lady to a place in the peerage out of pure gallantry, and with attendant increase of respect and honor both to the accorder and the recipient. It is now many years since the bachelor Duke of Clarence wooed Miss Wykeham of Swalcliffe, and made offer of his princely hand to that fair and richly-dowered heiress. The lady declined the peculiar greatness thus proffered to her, but the Duke never ceased to pay her the homage of his respect, nor his Duchess subsequently that of her esteem. When the former ascended the throne, he did not forget the lady to whom he had paid his suit in years gone by. That old suit had been refused, but William IV. came now with a coronet in his hand, and entreated acceptance only of the first—all he had to offer—in testimony of the regard which her conduct had inspired in him. To this request, so graciously enforced, the lady could not graciously say "Nay." Since 1834, the name and title of Baroness Wenman have honored the rich and varied register of the House of Lords, and have served to prove that the age of chivalric feeling has not expired with the formalities of chivalry.

☞ In the historical collection at the Palace at Berlin there are two cannon balls, each with one side flattened, said to have been fired by opposite parties at the siege of Magdeburg, and to have met together in the air!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

OUR ENGLISH DISAPPOINTMENT.

The *London Times*, of June 14th, contains an amusing, half satirical article, representing the loyal people of the United States in the aspect of an individual who, having a quarrel on hand, is not only surprised but deeply grieved to find that his friends and acquaintances take no interest in his alleged injuries, and simply vote him a bore for bothering them with a recital of his wrongs. It says:

The partisans of the Federal Government in the United States are just now suffering one of the bitterest, and yet one of the commonest of all human trials. With the keenest sense of injustice, the most loyal resentment of a manifest treason, and the most honest consciousness of integrity, they see all the world regarding the rebellion simply as a quarrel. Neither England nor France nor any other State goes into the rights of the question, or supposes there to be any rights or any wrongs in the matter. It sees a civil war; it knows there are armies in the field, that forts have been attacked and taken, and that blood has been shed; and it concludes this to be war, without inquiring into the cause or the conduct of the immediate authors. The quarrel is a noisy and obvious fact, which we are obliged to recognize; and which is, indeed, very much in our way. As to the causes and provocations, they do not obtrude themselves so forcibly on our senses as to compel a judgment upon them. So our Government takes note that there is a civil war in the United States, blockading, privateering, and all the rest of it, and gives notice that it means to take no part in the war, and offers no encouragement to British subjects to take part in it. If they do, it is at their peril, and they will have to take care of themselves. All this is intensely disagreeable to the zealous citizens of the Northern States, who think Heaven and earth bound to avenge their cause. Never was there such a case of ill-treatment; never was confidence so abused; never was goodness so ill-requited; but the stupid world takes the affair in the gross, and calls it simply a civil war. Great is the indignation of the Northerners at the promptitude with which Lord John Russell has pledged us to a perfect neutrality, and recognized the Southerners as actual belligerents. Belligerents! There is no word too hard for them in the Northern vocabulary. North of the Potomac they are "rebels," "traitors," "Sepoys," "blacks," "conspirators," and everything that is bad. England describes them by the term it would apply to an independent nation defending its territory from invasion—"belligerents." The American lawyers and writers admit that we must have come to this at last, and that the same policy which obliges the States themselves to accord to the rebels in arms equal rights of war does even more cogently oblige us to regard them as "belligerents." But they cannot bear to see this done, and done so readily, and in such a cold blooded manner, as if there were really no right or wrong in the question.

It must be admitted to be very provoking, but it is the way of the world, and there is no help for it. The world has not leisure, or authority, or even the power, to entertain the question of right; and it can only take a rough, external view of the actual disturbance. * * *

KENTUCKY.

Gen. McClellan denies, out and out, that he has made any such arrangement with the authorities of Kentucky as was stated by Gen. Buckner. He says :—

My interview with Gen. Buckner was personal, not official. It was solicited by him more than once. I made no stipulation on the part of the General Government, and regarded his voluntary promise to drive out the Confederate troops as the only result of the interview. His letter gives his own views, not mine.

People in this part of the world did not know what to say when Gen. Buckner's statement first arrived. It is evident that the United States Government cannot consistently make fish of Kentucky, and flesh of Missouri and Maryland. While Kentucky is in the Union, she cannot claim special privileges over other States. Our soil here in Pennsylvania is just as sacred as that of Virginia—which is known to be "first family," ten feet deep—and yet Uncle Sam does not hesitate to march his Yankee myrmidons through our midst, whenever he pleases. And if he were to march a hundred thousand men into the vicinity of Philadelphia to-morrow, and keep them here a whole year, it would not distress our people a wink, while our shopkeepers, and certain other classes, would probably rejoice at their coming. But then Philadelphia does not pretend to be the least "chivalrous"—although she has sent out from fifteen to twenty thousand volunteers, to fight the battles of the Union.

CANADA.

The English reinforcements sent to Canada, are said to amount to 89 officers and 2,057 men—making up about the old number of troops in the colony, before the Crimean war.

We see no harm in this movement. The United States most probably will never interfere with Canada, unless Canada requests it—and if Canada were to desire a separation, England probably would let her go. Of course we look forward to a union with Canada, in the course of time, as promotive of peace and good fellowship. We hope the nations that grow up on this North American continent may be united, and thus spared the long and bloody struggles which have afflicted Europe. Let us, on this side of the ocean, even if they have not the wit to on the other, have one grand Union, and our

> "battle flags be furled,
> In a parliament of Man, a Confederation of the world."

WHAT JEFFERSON THOUGHT ABOUT COERCION.—In answer to questions put to him in 1786, before the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, Thomas Jefferson wrote :—

It has often been said that the decisions of Congress are impotent, because the confederation provides no compulsory power. But when two or more nations enter into compact, it is not usual for them to say what shall be done to the party who infringes it.—Decency forbids, and it is as unnecessary as indecent, because the right of compulsion naturally results to the party injured by the breach. When any one State in the American Union refuses obedience to the confederation by which they have bound themselves, the rest have a natural right to compel them to obedience. Congress would probably exercise long patience before they would recur to force; but if the case ultimately required it, they would use that recurrence. Should the case ever arrive, they will probably coerce by a naval force, as being more easy.

And if the above were true of the old loosely jointed Confederation, how much more true is it of the "more perfect Union" which our fathers formed. In fact, the present Union was objected to by Patrick Henry and other distinguished Revolutionary leaders, because it did not pretend to derive its authority from the separate States, but from the people, as a whole. Said Patrick Henry, when opposing the present Constitution, in the Virginia Convention of 1788 :

"Have they said '*we the States?*' Have they made a proposal of a compact between *States?* If they *had*, this would be a Confederation; it is, otherwise, most clearly a *consolidated Government*. The whole question turns, sir, on that *poor, little* thing, the expression, '*We the people*,' instead of '*the States*' of America."

Patrick Henry was right in one sense of the word—the Union is a "consolidated" Government, so far as its authorized powers are concerned. It is not a "consolidated Government," in the sense that it does not swallow up the local powers of the States. The Union is as the Sun—the States as the planets which revolve around it. Certain of the planets are now trying to rush out of their destined orbits; but the centripetal power of the Government will be found sufficient to bring them rapidly back again. If it does not, we shall have chaos.

"BOSTON."—At the attack on Great Bethel, the troops were directed when charging, in order to avoid becoming engaged with the wrong parties, to call out "Boston." Now though Generals Butler and Pierce are Massachusetts men, as the troops were New Yorkers, would it not have been in equally good taste, if they had been directed to shout Washington, Union, or some other word not of a local signification? It seems to us to have been a petty pride—and too nearly allied to that little local pride which has had so much to do with the growth of secessionism —which directed the use of such a word on such an occasion. In the war for the Union, let both officers and soldiers forget that they are Bostonians, New Yorkers, and Philadelphians, and remember only that they are Americans.

THE REMEDY.—Since the troops have been partly paid off at Washington, we hear of several cases of riotous conduct among the soldiery, who have partaken too freely of liquors. The remedy is in the hands of the Government—let the sale of liquors be prohibited, except by persons duly authorized at the respective camps.

WHAT FRANCE SAYS.—Whether France says or does not say precisely what England does, relative to the American difficulty, depends upon the translation of a word. The Emperor's proclamation reads :—

His Majesty the Emperor of the French, taking into consideration the state of peace which exists between France and the United States of America, has resolved to maintain a strict neutrality in the struggle between the Government of the Union and the States which *pretend* ("*pretendent*") to form a special confederation.

The English journals translate the French word *pretendent* propose, which of course makes considerable difference. Others say, however, that if the Emperor had meant to say propose, the French would have been "*se proposent.*" That *pretend* is the correct translation, would seem to be an inference from the following comment on the proclamation in the Paris *Debats* :—

The form of the latter expression, ("*pretendent,*") which will be remarked, *as* it deserves to be, can leave no doubt as to the real sense and bearing of the resolution announced by the French Government. A declaration of neutrality which, in other respects, both explains and justifies itself, cannot and ought not to be interpreted as a declaration of indifference. As far as ourselves are concerned, we feel that we cannot be mistaken in the matter. We esteem sufficiently the government of our country to feel assured that it cannot remain indifferent in the quarrel which is about to be decided by force between the two fractions of the great American Republic. But what we are most anxious to establish, is the fact that the sympathies and wishes of the country, of France are not matter of doubt. They are wholly and unreservedly on the side of the Federal Government, which, in this deplorable disunion, represents the cause of modern civilization, and the eternal principles of right, justice and humanity.

So far, so good. England and France occupy the same position of neutrality. The people of both sympathize with the Union—only the English were not quite as hearty as we expected them to be. Their sympathy, in other words, is not yet "as deep as a well, or as wide as a barn-door—but it will do." From France we get almost more than we expected—so the balance is about even. Brethren, let us take care of ourselves, and show that we can "paddle our own canoe" through even a worse storm than the present one. Then we shall have oceans of sympathy—enough to float the Great Eastern. The kings of the earth are like the gods in one respect—they help those that help themselves.

NEWS OF A BATTLE BY WAY OF LONDON —A late number of "Reynolds's London Miscellany" contains an engraving of an action near Harper's Ferry, the engagement being described as follows :—

We have now to relate another incident of the civil strife. One of the most energetic officers of the war, who has devoted to the Federal cause, is General Harney; and on the arrival of the report at New York that the Secessionists had created disturbances at Baltimore, and had mustered in some force at Richmond, Harper's Ferry, and other places at no great distance from Washington, Gen. Harney set out with a small escort of troops to the latter city. On arriving in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, an attempt was made to arrest him by a party of rebels, consisting of some Charleston Zouaves and Fusilleers, with two pieces of cannon. *A sharp but brief skirmish ensued; General Harney, having his horse killed under him, led his troops on foot; and in less than thirty minutes all was over. The rebels were compelled to beat a retreat with a loss of twenty-seven men killed and forty wounded; while the casualties of the Federal soldiers were comparatively trifling.* A few days afterwards the Carolinians, being reinforced by a number of Virginia rebels, marched to Harper's Ferry, and so sorely pressed the Federal Commissioners that they were compelled to adopt the course adopted at Norfolk dock yard, by destroying the arsenal, armory, stores, and factories, and then retiring from the scene.

We think General Harney is much to blame for not having imparted an account of the above action to the press. He seems to have behaved with his characteristic gallantry however. In the English engraving, a bareheaded officer (name unknown) is leading on his men, evidently cheering and encouraging them.

By the way *Reynolds's Miscellany* is "all right on the goose"—to use the classic language of the Missouri border.

THEIR ORDERS.—It is stated that the inaction of the Pennsylvania troops under Generals Patterson and Cadwalader, is owing to positive instructions from General Scott. It is further alleged that Colonel Brown, at Fort Pickens, has also his orders to remain on the defensive. All of which may be true, and may not be true. We believe *falsehood* is called *stratagem* in war, and if we were the Washington reporter of a newspaper, and any military gentleman was to tell us a long string of news, as long as the daily papers have every morning—and all amounting to nothing—we should simply think he was "stuffing" us.

MORALS IN SECESSIONDOM.—Chancellor Dargan, of Alabama, informs the people of that State, through the *Mobile Tribune*, that they cannot now remit money to pay their Northern debts, "*without a violation of law.*"

This looks bad—but, on the other hand, we see that a negro has been hung recently in Mississippi, for *stealing guns.* We suppose that honesty, in future, in Secessiondom, is to be confined to the colored population.

A HOAX.—The *N. Y. Tribune* says that the important letter purporting to be from Mr. Botts is probably a forgery. We give it notwithstanding, as a pretty good sample of the sensation articles which abound nowadays.

NOT BAD.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Ask General Bragg.

THE MOST PROMINENT GENERAL DOWN SOUTH—General Distress.

A GOOD PLACE FOR GENERAL PILLOW—The bed of the Mississippi.

SOUTHERN TOPERS' DEVICE—The Stars and "Bars."—*N. Y. Leader.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

SKIRMISHES.—There have been several skirmishes during the past week. Captain Ward, of the U. S. steamer Freeborn, with about 40 men, had erected breastworks at Mathias Point, on the Potomac. While leaving for the purpose of obtaining cannon, the party were attacked by a large body, the gallant Capt. Ward killed, and several wounded. The men reached the vessel without further damage. Another account says the party was landed simply to burn certain brushwood which had sheltered the enemy on previous occasions.

On the other hand, a mounted picket of 13 men, sent out from Colonel Wallace's Indiana volunteers at Cumberland, Maryland, routed 41 secession cavalry, killing 8 and taking 17 horses. Attacked again by fresh troops, reinforced to a number of 75, they crossed to a small island, abandoning their horses, and finally scattered after killing 23 men—all reached camp but one who was killed. Corporal Hays was wounded. Col. Wallace, in his official report, says :—"Three companies went to the ground this morning and recovered everything belonging to my picket except a few of the horses. The enemy were engaged all night long in taking up their dead. Two of the officers were killed, and they laid out twenty-three on the porch of a neighboring farmhouse. The report of the skirmish sounds like fiction, but it is not exaggerated. The fight was one of the most desperate ones on record, and abounds with instances of wonderful daring and coolness."

An officer under Colonel Stone's command has had sixty days of it. The rebels were killed at Edward's and Conrad's Ferries, on the Potomac, in recent engagements across the river. This work was done by Lieut. Hasbrouck, of the West Point battery, and a detachment from Gen. Patterson's Philadelphia regiment.

WASHINGTON.

THE EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.—Already practical measures of legislation are being prepared by Senator Wilson, who, it is understood, has been in consultation with Congressmen, as well as with high officers of the Government, and at an early day of the Extra Session of Congress will, as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, introduce a series of bills proposing, 1st, To legalize the Executive action concerning the present military or warlike preparations; 2d, Giving the sanction of law to the plan already announced, for the permanent increase of the army; 3d, Retiring infirm and disabled army officers; 4th, To organize from the militia 100 regiments, as a National Guard, to be clothed and armed alike; 5th, To increase the number of cadets to the extent of 68, or to the number of Senators; and to authorize the President to fill the vacancies caused by resignations in the Military Academy, or otherwise.

Besides, it is designed to recommend a loan of $200,000,000 to carry the defensive measures into effect, 7 per cent. interest, and an issue of Treasury Notes of the denominations of $10 and $20, without interest, intended especially to supply a circulating medium.

Gen. McDowell has not been superseded by Gen. Dix, but remains in command of the Washington Department.

MARYLAND.

The Baltimore secessionists are very angry with Gen. Johnston, the rebel commander in Virginia, for his wholesale destruction of property at Martinsburg. The act has opened their eyes to the wealthy people of Baltimore. They now begin to see what sort of traitors they have consorted with.

One thousand rebel troops have been posted at Occoquan, Va., to guard against a flank movement by the Federal troops.

It is understood to be the policy of the Government to permit the rebellious Legislature of Maryland to pass any disloyal acts it pleases, but if such acts conflict with the Constitution and the interests of the nation, to abolish the Legislature at the point of the sword, as in the case of Missouri.

It is stated that Gen. Cadwalader received direct orders from Gen. Scott not to advance to Martinsburg, Va.

Thirty men of the Massachusetts Eighth, stationed at the Relay House, are literally barefooted, the supplies of shoes having entirely failed.

ARREST OF MARSHAL KANE OF BALTIMORE.—On the 27th, at the rather early hour of 3 o'clock, A. M., George P. Kane, the Marshal of Police, was arrested at his house, by order of Gen. Banks, and conveyed to Fort McHenry, where he is now held in custody.

Gen. Banks issued a proclamation, naming John R. Kenly, of the Maryland regiment, as Provost Marshal, and suspending all the powers of the Police Commissioners. Kenly is to exercise supreme control over the department until some known loyal citizen is appointed to act as Marshal.

The proclamation gives as a reason for the arrest of Kane, that he is known to be aiding and abetting those in armed rebellion to the Government at the head of an armed force, which he has used to conceal rather than to detect acts of treason to the Government.

At 2 o'clock the Police Commissioners, after a consultation, issued orders to the police officers to take off their insignia of office—badges, caps, buttons, etc., and virtually disbanded them.

The Board issued a protest, which is signed by the Mayor as one of the Board. Col. Kenly has been actively engaged in swearing in a new police force. He has appointed captains in all the districts. It was his desire to head the old police force, as far as possible, but the action of the Commissioners thwarted that intent.

At the Marshal's office, secreted under piles of coal, under the flooring, &c., were found 250 muskets and rifles, two 6-pound and two 4-pound guns, half a ton of assorted shot, 400 weight of balls, and 800 rifle ball cartridges, also 1 ball, 12-pounder, labeled "from Fort Sumter to Col. Kane," &c. The best of the arms, and some of the ammunition, have been recognized as part of those taken from the baggage car of the Massachusetts Regiment that was assaulted in Pratt st. on the 19th of April. The U. S. Marshal, having sufficient information to justify him, issued a writ on Adam Denmead & Sons, where the officers found five field pieces, 6, 8, and 12-pounders, all new and well mounted, with carriages, etc. Also, three siege guns, which had been manufactured, it is stated, at the order of Marshal Kane. These arms were supposed to have been sent originally for operations against Fort McHenry.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A UNION CANDIDATE.—Mr. Charles Henry Foster announces himself a candidate for Congress in the First District, in the following address :

To the Freemen of the First Congressional District of North Carolina :

FELLOW CITIZENS : I hereby announce myself as an unconditional Union candidate for the Congress of the United States from this District.

The usurpations of your Governor and the revolutionary acts of your Convention, cannot command the acquiescence of loyal citizens. They are utterly without authority; they have no validity in law or public exigency, and impose no binding obligation upon the people. Your allegiance to the Federal Union remains first and highest, and there is no fealty that can conflict or override it.

A law of North Carolina fixes the first Thursday of August as the day of election for your Representatives in Congress. The default or malfeasance of no seditious Governor or other public functionary can defeat or impair your right of representation in the councils of the nation. It is your privilege to go to the polls, on the day designated by a statute of the State, and cast your ballots without fear or intimidation. You will be protected in the exercise of the sacred right of franchise to the full extent of the power of the Government.

CHARLES HENRY FOSTER.

Murfreesboro', N. C., June 18, 1861.

Mr. Foster is a politician of mark—one of the ablest men in the State.

TENNESSEE.

The men of East Tennessee are hoping that their "friend Abraham," as they call the President, will speedily send them help—The Administration says they shall not be disappointed.

The latest accounts from East Tennessee show a large body for resistance to the rebel Government. The majority are for the inauguration of a Provisional Government in East Tennessee.

KENTUCKY.

A friend of Mr. Crittenden authoritatively denies a despatch to the Louisville Journal, declaring that Mr. Crittenden would offer a Compromise or advise Kentucky to secede.

LATER NEWS.

A home guard is about to be organized in Baltimore, of 150 men from each ward, to be fully armed and equipped in the best manner.

The following is the number of troops in Washington and vicinity (June 30th) :—

District Volunteers,	4,000
Regulars,	4,000
Volunteers,	60,088
Total,	73,088

The above includes, however, the division at Poolesville, under Col. Stone.

Two regiments, one Alabamians and the other Mississippians, revisited Harper's Ferry, on the 27th, and destroyed the balance of the railroad trestle work. They also came over to the Maryland side and seized all the boats they could get, either breaking them up or taking them over the river. All the Union men of Harper's Ferry were again driven out.

There is talk of a forward movement of Gen. Patterson southward.

Capt. Newton, of the engineers, has visited Maryland Heights, for the purpose of selecting a point upon which to erect a battery to command Harper's Ferry.

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI, June 29.—Mr. Morrison, State Treasurer; Mr. Mosely, State Auditor, and Mr. Houston, Register of Lands, took oaths of allegiance to-day, and will enter upon their official duties. The Attorney General, Mr. Nott, declined to take the oath, and he is now a prisoner at the Arsenal.

NOT TAKEN.—An advertisement announces the re-opening of the Confederate loan at several places in Georgia, and says that only seven-eighths of the fifteen millions have been subscribed for.

ST. LOUIS SHOOTING AFFAIR.—The Coroner's jury express it as their opinion that the wounds were inflicted without any provocation or discharge of fire arms from any citizen then present, and also without any order to fire having been given by the officers of said companies of soldiers.

Capt. Duncan N. Ingraham, who became famous by his action in connection with the Koszta case, it is reported, died in Charleston, S. C., on the 10th inst. He had resigned his commission in the U. S. Navy, and joined that of the Confederate States.

There are now about thirty five thousand Federal troops in Western Virginia.—*Cincinnatti Gazette.*

A SNAKE STORY.—"During the Florida war," said the speaker, "I was in the American army. One day I shouldered my gun, and went in pursuit of game. In passing through a swamp, I saw something a few feet ahead of me, lying upon the ground, which had every appearance of a log, it being some forty feet in length and about one foot in diameter. So positive was I that I saw nothing but a log, that I paid no attention to it; the fact is, I would have sworn before a court of justice that it was a log, and nothing else. You see I never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is I never should have believed it if I had. Well, between me and the log, as I took it to be, was a miry place, which it was necessary for me to avoid. I therefore placed the butt of the gun on the ground ahead of me, and springing upon it, lit right on top of—what do you suppose?"

"A boa constrictor," said one.

"No."

"An anaconda," said another.

"No."

"What, then, could it have been?" asked a third.

"Just what I supposed it to be—a log," said the wag.

☞ WANTED AN "H."—The London cockneys must be a very unsuccessful class, if we judge by the total failures of their Aspirations!—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ CON. BY A BUTLER.—Why will Charleston be beloved by epicures in a few years? Because it will be a fine old Cohawhbed Port. —*Vanity Fair.*

☞ Beauregard's proclamation is satisfactory, not only as to his whereabouts, but also as to his occupation. He is *lying* at Richmond.

☞ Why is Virginia sure to come right? Because she keeps Wheeling to the Union.

☞ A gambler who had been thrown out of the window for cheating at cards, was consoled by his friends "never to play again except on the ground floor."

☞ Toombs, the Confederate Secretary, recently sent to Gen. Scott an ear of green corn in the husk, with his compliments. We are glad he did not send any of his Cobbs back to Washington.

MRS. BOTELER SECEDES.—The wife of the Hon. A. R. Boteler, a member of the last Congress from Harper's Ferry district, but now a secession leader, has seceded from her husband and gone to the more congenial atmosphere of Hagerstown, where she will probably remain until her husband gets over his secession proclivities. It is said that, as she left him, she remarked that "as soon as he came back into the Union, she would join him."

A Soldier's Emotion in Battle.

Our citizen soldiers inexperienced in the battle field will find the most terrible moments just before the combat begins. A soldier in his narration of personal adventures in the Mexican war, published in "Howe's Achievements of Americans," gives some interesting items on this head in his description of the battle of Palo Alto, the opening battle of the war.

When all was ready, both armies stood still for about twenty minutes, each waiting for the other to begin the work of death, and during this time I did not see a single man of the enemy move; they stood like statues.

We remained quiet with two exceptions. Gen. Taylor, followed by his staff, rode from left to right at a slow pace, with his leg thrown over like a woman, and as he passed each regiment, he spoke words of encouragement. I know not what he said to the others, but when he came up to where we stood, he looked steadily at us; I suppose, to see what effect the novel circumstances in which we were placed had upon us, and so he gazed. he said :—"*The bayonet, my hardy cocks! the bayonet is the thing!*" The other occasion was that of Lieut. Blake, of the Engineers, who volunteered to gallop along the enemy's line, in front of both armies, and count their guns; and so close did he go that he might have been shot a hundred times. One of the officers of the enemy, doubtless thinking he had some communication to make, rode out to meet him. Blake, however, paid no attention to him, but rode on, and then returned and reported to Taylor.

Thus stood those two belligerent armies, face to face. What were the feelings of those thousands! How many thoughts and fears were crowded into those few moments! Look at our men! a clammy sweat is settled all over faces slightly pale, not from cowardly fear, but from a wild sense of peril, combined with a determination not to flinch from *duty.* These are the moments in which true soldiers resign themselves to their fate, and console themselves with the reflection that whatever may be their lot, they will act well with *honor*; these are the moments when the absolute coward suffers more than death—when, if not certain he would be shot in his tracks, he would turn and flee. Fighting is very hard work; a man who has passed through a two hour's fight, has lived through a great amount of mental and physical labor. At the end of a battle I always found that I had performed prodigies of work; although all my thick woollen clothing, and when I had got cool, I was as sore as if I had been beaten all over with a club. When the battle commences the feelings undergo a change. Ranks are broken; each one seeks cover and the excitement of a soldier in battle. I always knew my danger—that at any moment I was liable to be killed, yet such was my excitement that I never fully realized it. All men are not alike; some are cool; some are positively wild or crazy; others are so prostrated with fear that they are completely unnerved—an awful sinking and relaxation of all the powers of the soul takes place, awful to behold; they tremble like an aspen, sink into ditches and covert places, cry like children, and are totally insensible to shame—dead to every emotion but the overwhelming fear of instant death. We had a few, and but a few, of such in our army.

As the two armies were facing each other, it was remarkable to see the coolness of our men; there they stood, chewing bits of biscuit, and talking about the Mexicans—some laughing at the novel sight; others observing that they would, and like demons, etc. I kept my eye on the artillery of the enemy, and happened to be looking toward their right wing when, suddenly, a great curl of smoke sprang up there from one or their guns, and then I saw the dust fly some distance in front, where the ball struck. Instantly another, and then another rich curl of smoke sprang from their

DISUNION.

BY ALBERT PIKE, OF ARKANSAS.

I.

Ay, shout! 'tis the day of your pride,
Ye despots and lords of the earth!
Touch your serfs the American name to deride,
And to rattle their fetters in mirth.
Ay, shout! for the League of the Free
Is about to be shivered to dust,
And the torn branches fall from the vigorous tree,
Wherein Liberty placed her last trust.
Shout, shout! for more firmly established will be
Your thrones and dominions beyond the blue sea.

II.

Laugh on! for such folly supreme
The world has yet never beheld;
And ages to come will the wild story seem
A tale by antiquity swelled.
For nothing that time has up built,
And set in the annals of crime,
So stupid in folly, so wretched in guilt,
Darkens sober tradition or rhyme.
It will be like the fable of Ebbe's fall,
A by-word of mocking and horror to all.

III.

Ye mad! who would 'raze out your name,
From the league of the proud and the free,
And a separate, ideal sovereignty claim,
Like a lone wave flung off from the sea,
Oh, pause! ere ye plunge in the chasm
That yawns in your dangerous way;
Ere Freedom, convulsed with one terrible spasm,
Desert you forever and aye!
Pause! think, ere the earthquake astonish your souls,
And the thunder of war through your green valleys rolls!

IV

Good God! what a title, what name
Will history give to your crime!
In the deepest abyss of dishonor and shame
Ye will writhe till the last hour of Time.
As braggarts who forged their own chains,
Pulled down what their forefathers built,
And tainted the blood in their children's young veins
With the poison of slavery and guilt
And freedom's bright heart be hereafter trenfold,
For your folly and fall, more discouraged and cold.

V.

What flag shall float over the free,
And the smoke of your parricide war,
Instead of the stars and broad stripes of your sires?
A lone, pale, dim, mist-covered star,
With the treason cloud hiding its glow,
And its warning crest close to the sea.
Will the Eagle's wing shelter and shield you?
ah, no!
That wing shelters only the Free.
Miscall it, disguise it, boast, brag, as ye will,
Ye are traitors, misled by your mad leaders still!

VI

Turn, turn, men! Cast down in your might
The Anarchs that sit at the helm!
Steer, steer your proud ship from the gulf which the sights
Of treason and terror o'erwhelm.
Turn back! From your mountains and glens,
From your lakes, from the rivers and seas,
From forest and precipice, cavern and den
Where your forefathers bled to be free!
From the graves where those glorious forefathers lie,
The warning reechoes: "Turn back, ere ye die!"

THE VIVANDIERE.

The cantiniere, or vivandiere, is an essential member of the French army. She may be young or old, very pretty or fearfully ugly, but the exterior is of no consequence; she is everywhere and ever the same. If she has bad points, she has many good; she is a woman, although, or because, she is a cantiniere. One thing is certain: she has always an excellent heart, is fond of the soldier, and constantly ready to do him service. We need not draw the picture of her in her glory—that is to say, at the head of her regiment on review days, in full uniform with an oilskin hat on her head, and barrel on her back.—Everybody who saw Jenny Lind in the "Daughter of the Regiment," will remember her tunic and coquettish apron, her red striped trowsers and pretty little boots. Fortunately, however, the drum is not always being beaten; glory and noise are not sufficient to fill the stomach. Hence, on returning to the barracks, the cantiniere takes off her uniform and assumes her canteen dress, and devotes herself entirely to the thousand duties of the canteen. This is not exactly what the civilian may suppose; it is at once a restaurant, a spirit shops, a cafe, a brewery and a boarding house. It is here that the soldiers and the officers at times come to drink their morning drop; the volunteer eats there a portion of the money his family send him; the man of good appetite finds a cheap supplement to his rations; idlers go there to play a hand of cards; and, lastly, at the canteen the non-commissioned officers have their mess. They pay fourpence-halfpenny a day, and find their own bread, for which they have a claim to two dishes and dessert, and soup in the evening. This is not very dear, we must allow, and hence the cantinieres do not grow rich so rapidly as the restaurateurs on the Boulevards. The lowness of price does not prevent very dainty dishes being eaten, for there are some cantinieres who are perfect cordons-bleus, worthy of executing a dish meditated by Mimi Vernon, the man with the big crown pieces. The cantiniere is generally married to a drummer in the infantry, or a bugler in the cavalry; sometimes her husband may be maitre-d'armes, or even simple private; but the position or grade makes no difference; in the canteen the husband does not reign, and only appears when there is a great concourse, or any one is making a disturbance, which is rare enough.—When off duty he smokes a great many pipes in the doorway, while drinking little glasses of beer if he is a German, and most of the canteen men are Alsatians. The cantiniere's children are sent to the regimental school: some become officers, while the majority make excellent buglers.

The cantiniere has sovereign authority in her canteen, but that does not prevent her from serving. She is usually helped by a servant maid and a willing soldier, who becomes her soldier, her right arm, for a small annuity. If a quarrel breaks out, it is his duty to appease it, and she herself puts troublesome fellows out of the door. She does not like giving credit, but she has such a good heart that she cannot bear to see a man suffer, and she finds it impossible a refuse a drop to the soldier who is very thirsty; she curses her goodness, but she cannot resist an entreaty. We are bound to say, though, that she is paid in nine cases out of ten, and her humanity does no injury to her exchequer.—Then again, when a soldier is ill or wounded, she will nurse him and make him broth, for which she refuses payment. If the cantiniere be ugly, no one raises any objection; it is not noticed, and the circumstance is only alluded to in a song of the First Empire, which some regiments still sing. Here is a stanza:—

When we go to battle
We put her in the van;
Our enemies beholding
The woman with the can
In the van.
Terror-stricken and sour-sick,
Immediately cut stick
From the woman with the can
In the van!

If the cantiniere be pretty, it is a very different story: she makes ravages in the regiment, and all the young recruits suddenly succumb to her victorious charms. The soldier men declare themselves, others sing her loveliness in lines set to a well-known tune. Here is one specimen out of three or four hundred:—

Both canteen and canteener I love to such a pass,
I could sit a whole day, were the day twice its size,
Just tipping my glass with my sly winks at the lass,
(Though her wine kills at forty rods, so do her eyes:)
Ah! were I the sergeant, that fortunate man,
And that old chap, her husband, would just kick the bucket,
I would ask of the gods but one more piece of luck—it
Would be the fair cantiniere and her can.
For the can and the can-woman both I've a passion,
When the sweet smell of her dishes floats o'er the door sill
I stand winking at her, and in her sweet fashion,
Though I havn't a red, she returns the wink still.
Bless my soul! for what cause does the General make laws,
Which provide a drum major for such a girl's man?
Turn about is fair play, every dog has his day,
Why can't I have the cantiniere and her can?

An old soldier once laid it down as an axiom that the goodness of the wine is in inverse ratio to the beauty of the cantiniere.

The cantiniere has, for the purpose of following the troops, a small cart, drawn by one or two horses, and it is this equipage that she proceeds to the review ground, where she supplies the officers and soldiers with tobacco and liquors during the repose. In the field she devotes herself to her regiment; more than once she has been seen, when the battle was raging, bearing the drop to the soldiers, and braving canister to give a drop of water to the wounded. On such days she keeps no accounts. She does not sell, but gives. Several cantinieres have been decorated, and the exploits of one or them went the rounds of Europe. A drama was made of them, which comprises all the qualities of the soldier's mother, under the title of "La Vivandier de la Grande Armee."

OLD LOVE AND BURGLARY.

About two weeks since the wife of a Sacramento street merchant whose residence is in Stockton street, a little north of Pacific, was suddenly awakened, late in the night, by footsteps in her bedroom, and the next moment the light of a dark lantern flooded her face, so near that she could almost feel the heat and hear the suppressed breathing of the intruder. She was entirely alone. Her husband had gone to Sacramento two days before, and the only person in the house beside herself was a servant girl, who slept in the story beneath. She comprehended all. The house had been entered by burglars, who knew of the absence of the husband; and the person who held the lantern was probably armed and prepared to silence the first attempt at alarm with the stroke of a knife or a "billy." Her presence of mind did not forsake her. It doubtless requires resignation and fortitude in a woman to witness, or listen to, without scream or expostulation, the ransacking of her repositories of laces, and the appropriation of her jewelry and other valuables; but the lady very rationally deemed her life of more consideration than all the laces and diamonds in the world, and without thinking of what the rascals would help themselves to, or what leave as worthless, she closed her eyes and awaited the result.

The light was withdrawn from her face, and she heard the opening of drawers, the rustling of silks, the picking of locks, and occasionally a low whisper of surprise or disappointment. Then there was silence for a full minute—it seemed an hour to her—and a soft footstep approached the bed, and the glare of the lantern again fell upon her face. Through the closed lids of her eyes she saw the light, but remained calm and motionless in its scrutinizing rays, fearful that the least movement might imperil her life. What a moment of suspense! The light was removed from her face, and she felt that some one was leaning against the bed. Still she remained motionless—now more through a feeling of terror than the concert of policy. Nor did she stir when the warm breath of the burglar touched her cheek. Not until his lips pressed her forehead did she spring up and half shriek, "Who is in this room?"

JOHN TYLER'S RESIDENCE, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

Mr. Tyler's summer residence is built of wood, and is now the head-quarters of Col. Max Weber, 20th New York Regiment. Generals Butler and Pierce, with their staffs and ladies, were present on a recent evening to hear the Germans sing, and witness the performances of the Turners. The ex-President left his house at Hampton Creek elegantly furnished; hosts of Schiller and Goethe appropriately adorn Col. Webber's quarters.

"Hush!" responded a voice in a hoarse whisper, while a rough hand was laid on her shoulder. "Speak nothing, and fear no thing." The next moment she heard the sound of retreating footsteps and the creaking of a shutter, and then all was still again. Satisfied that she was alone, she sprang from the bed, and touching a lighted match to the burner, sank into a chair, completely prostrated with the danger through which she had passed. Recovering, she closed and fastened the window through which the burglar had entered, and then locked around to ascertain of what she had been plundered.

The drawers were in confusion and almost everything with a lock to it had been opened, but, strange to say, little or nothing was missing. A casket of jewelry was open on the bureau, but the diamonds and the gold were all there, and her watch hung where she had placed it on retiring. Beside the casket, she discovered a little roll of paper. She picked it up, and found that it enveloped a hard substance, that that hard substance was a ring, and that that ring had been given to her many years before, and had been in her possession ever since. Half bewildered at the singular proceeding, she was about casting the scrap of paper from her, when her eye caught the marks of a pencil upon it. She carefully opened it, and read:

"This ring which was once mine, tells me in whose house I am. I did not know you were in California. You know I am an outlaw—the world knows it, and I do not care to deny it—but fallen as I am, I cannot rob you, Maria. Forgive me, and God bless you. HENRY."

This explained all. She read the scroll, and dropping upon her knees, prayed for him who had written it. And who was "Henry?" Ten years ago he loved that same Maria, when they both lived in Brooklyn; and he would have made her his wife—for she told him she would be his—had he not taken to drink and gambling, and finally forged the name of his employer, for which he was given a home in Sing Sing. When he was worthy of her love he gave her that ring, and she had kept it in remembrance of what he had been. This is the story of the ring.

On the return of the husband from Sacramento, the wife related the adventure, and showed him the note; but he is not jealous, nor has he attempted to arrest the burglar.—*California Magazine.*

OUR DEAD SOLDIER-BOY.*

BY HENRY MORFORD.

He died before he had reached the field
Where the battle-cry was sounding;
His dear young life he must sadly yield
With his comrades in camp surrounding.
"Oh, had he but lived"—is the mournful cry
Of the weeping mother who bore him.
He lived, on some stricken field to die.
Less sad would our grief be o'er him!"

Oh, breathe not the thought! Though easy it be
To fall into sad repining,
There are truer lights that our eyes should see
Through the grief and the darkness shining.
What loss of a hero is he who falls
The ladder of honor ascending,—
Than he who has mounted the dizzy walls,
With his fame the wide air rending!

Not the thing that is done, but the wish and will—
Not the power, but the heart of daring,—
These make our pride, when the dead lie still
And our heaviest grief we are bearing.
He gave to his country the hopes of youth—
He sleeps, all darkly and lowly;
But our soldier-boy has died for the truth,
And his patriot grave is holy.

When the struggle is done—some future year—
And our national light is breaking,—
Our soldier-boy will be doubly dear,
Who died when the country was waking.
Let the roses bloom round his fair young head,
And his tomb be a theme for story;
For not one of the patriot army is dead,
But has part in the nation's glory!

—*New York Atlas.*

* Charles P. Shinn, of Ocean County, New Jersey, lately resident in this city, a member of the Thirteenth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers,—who died at Camp Scott, York, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of June, aged nineteen.

☞ The reading public are so anxious for war articles, that editors are thinking of having their editorials "set" in percussion "caps" in order that they may always have the real soap in them.

Calkin's Transparent Eye-Shade.

OR OCCHIOMBRA.

We take the following description of this useful article from the London *Druggist and Chemist*:—

This eye shade consists of a very light wire frame work, over which is extended an extremely fine transparent fabric of gauze or other material. A portion of the framework (almost invisible to the by-stander) rests upon the nose, passes close to the face under the eyes to the temples, supporting the fabric at the lower part of the shade, thus forming a large chamber for the eyes. The material of which it is formed is sufficiently fine to protect the eyes from wind, sun, or dust, yet at the same time it permits the passage of the air so as to avoid the retention of the heat of the face; this advantage is still further insured by a lengthened opening in the upper part at B B, Fig. 2.

Its appearance, as shown in the engraving,

is that of the usual shade; but more symmetrical and elegant in its outline.

The shade can be placed and removed with the same ease as a pair of spectacles; and is so light as to be scarcely perceptible to the wearer, being in weight about half an ounce.

If necessary, the fabric may be doubled, to meet the requirements of those with weak or inflamed eyes.

It is suggested that it will be found of great service to those who travel by railroad as a protection from sun and sand in tropical regions, and from sleet, wind, and the painful glare from the snow in colder situations. It also relieves the angle from wind and glare reflected from the surface of the water; and will be found of especial service to ladies, and those who visit the sea side, protecting them from excessive wind and light, rendering it unnecessary for them to wear veils, and thus allowing free respiration of the pure sea air.

It does not in any way interfere with the wearing of spectacles; and is manufactured in different colors to meet the tastes of those who adopt it, and to suit those persons whose eyes require a neutral, blue, green, or any other tint.

The construction of the shade is fully shown in Fig. 2, where A A represents a spring fitting closely round the forehead, just above the eyebrows and a portion of the head.

B B, another portion of the framework, slighlly in advance of A A, leaving an open space between the two for the free escape of generated heat, also supporting the fabric of gauze or other material.

C C, another portion of flexible material, which rests on the nose under the eyes, and takes the shape of the face extending to the temples, and supporting the fabric from D D, and forming the closed chamber.

D D, the portion of the framework which constitutes the external outline of the shade, assisting to support the fabric.

☞ Herbert's aunt took a good deal of trouble to make him a good little boy. He is a three-year old; the other day we heard her say to him:—"Herby, I have no objection to your enjoying yourself in every way; but if you ever put cayenne pepper into my snuff again, I shall positively—a-a-achew!"

CHOICE OF COLORS IN DRESS.

There is no better evidence of personal taste and refinement than in the selection of dress, and it is more strikingly apparent in the use of colors. The ladies have a wider field for the exercise of their taste for fast colors than men have, the latter being by fashion or custom restricted to a few of the more subdued colors, and rarely flash out in brilliant hues, except in a resplendent vest or magnificent tie. To ladies who have unlimited range of all the hues prismatic or otherwise, judgment in selecting colors to harmonize with their complexions, is of first importance.

There is one class of persons, possessed of more money than taste, who estimate colors by their cost only, and will purchase the most expensive merely because they are expensive and fashionable. Of this class was a certain lady of whom it is related that, in reply to Sir Joshua Reynold's inquiry as to what color the dress of herself and husband, who where then sitting, should be painted, asked which were the most expensive colors? "Carmine and ultramarine," replied the artist. "Then," rejoined the lady, "paint me in ultramarine, and my husband in carmine!"

We hear constantly of fashionable colors, and these fashionable colors are forever changing; moreover, we hear more of their novelty than of their beauty. All who wish to be fashionable wear these colors because they are fashionable, and because they are new; but they do not consider whether they are adapted to the complexion and age of the wearer, or whether they are in harmony with the rest of the dress. What should we say to a person who, with the right hand plays an air in C major, and, with the left, an accompaniment in F minor? The merest novice in music would be conscious of the discord thus produced; yet as regards colors, the educated eye is constantly shocked by combination of colors as startling and inharmonious.

As the object of all decoration in dress is to improve, or set off to the greatest advantage, the personal appearance of the wearer, it follows that the colors employed should be suitable to the complexion; and, as complexions are so various, it is quite impossible that the fashionable color, though it may suit a few individuals, can be becoming to all. Instead, therefore, of blindly following fashion, as a sheep will follow the leader of the flock, even to destruction, I should like to see every lady select and wear the precise shade of color which is not only best adapted to her peculiar complexion, but is in perfect harmony with the rest of her habiliments, and in accordance with her years and condition.

I have stated that the Orientals, and other inhabitants of tropical countries, such as the negroes of the West Indies, love to clothe themselves in brilliant and positive colors—red and yellow, for instance. They are quite right in so doing. These bright colors contrast well with their dusky complexions. With us "pale faces" it is different; we cannot bear positive colors in immediate contact with the skin without injury to the complexion.

Of all colors, perhaps the most trying to the complexion are the different shades of lilac and purple. The fashionable and really beautiful mauve and its varieties, of course, included in this category. In accordance with the well known law of optics that all colors, simple or compound, have a tendency to tint surrounding objects with a faint spectrum of their complementary color, those above mentioned, which require for their harmony various tints of yellow and green, impart those supplementary colors to the complexion. It is scarcely necessary to observe that, of all complexions, those which turn upon the yellow are the most unpleasant in their effect—and probably for this reason, that in this climate it is always a sign of bad health.

But, it will be asked, is there no means of harmonizing colors so beautiful in themselves with the complexion, and so avoiding these ill effects? To a certain extent this may be done, and as follows:

Should the complexion be dark, the purple tint may be dark also, because, by contrast, it makes the complexion appear fairer; if the skin be pale or fair, the tint should be lighter. In either case the color should never be placed next the skin, but should be parted from it by the hair and a ruche of tulle, which produce the neutralizing effect of gray. Should the complexion still appear too yellow, green leaves or green ribbons may be worn as trimmings. These will often neutralise lilac and purple colors, and thus prevent their imparting an unfavorable hue to the skin.

Scarcely less difficult than mauve to harmonize with the complexion is the equally beautiful color called "magenta." The complimentary color would be yellow green; "magenta," therefore, requires very nice treatment to make it becoming. It must be subdued when near the skin, and this is best done by intermixture with black; either by diminishing its brightness by nearly covering it with black lace, or by introducing the color in very small quantity only. In connection with this color, I have recently observed some curious effects. First, as to its appearance alone; if in great quantity, the color, though beautiful in itself, is glowing, and difficult to harmonize with its accompaniments. Secondly, as to its combination with black; if the black and the magenta-color be in nearly equal quantities—such, for instance, as in checks of a square inch of each color—the general effect is dull, and somewhat neutral. If, on the contrary, the checks consist of magenta and white, alternately, a bright effect will be produced.

Again, if the ground be black, with very narrow stripes or cross bars of magenta color, a bright, but yet unsubdued effect will result. This last effect is produced on the principle that, as light is most brilliant when contrasted with a large portion of darkness—like the stars in a cloudless sky—so a small portion of bright color is enhanced by contrast with a dark, and especially a black ground.

Yellow, also, is a difficult color to harmonize with the complexion. A bright yellow, like that of the buttercup, contrasts with black, and is becoming to brunettes, when not placed next the skin; but pale yellow or greenish yellow suits no one, especially those with pale complexions. Its effect is to diffuse, by contrast, a purple hue over the complexion, and this is certainly no addition to beauty.

ANECDOTE TOLD BY GEN. SCOTT

Mr. J. G. Birney, a number of years ago, published an account of a conversation with Gen. Scott, from which we take the following:—

"He told me a pleasant anecdote about the emancipation of a large number of slaves in Virginia, of which State, you know, he is a native. The substance of the story was as follows: When the General was a lad, there was still living an old Indian woman, named Hannah, reputed to be a slave. She was almost a centenarian. She had been unusually prolific, and her descendants, now numbered by the hundred, were all held as slaves.—More than thirty of them were held by Mr. Scott, brother of the General. How they came into his possession was not mentioned.

"It began to be whispered round in the neighborhood that Hannah's posterity could not be held in bondage, according to the laws of Virginia, because she was a free Indian woman, who had 'taken up' with a slave, as the phrase is, and lived with him as his wife, performing servile work on the plantation for permission to remain there. The slaves concerned instituted a suit for their freedom, and the necessary counsel was employed. The chief management devolved upon Frank, an active, intelligent and faithful servant—one of the number held by Mr. Scott. Winfield Scott, now General, became warmly interested for Frank and his co-plaintiffs. He made memoranda for him on paper, filled up his blank subpœnas, and did all that a young unprofessional scribe could do to assist him in preparing the cause for a hearing. It was a difficult matter to secure the attendance of witnesses, many of them being old, and scattered about the country. On this account, the cause was continued through several terms. A short time before the Court was to be held, Frank would go to his master, and a conversation of this kind would take place:

"'Master, I come to ask leave to go and serve my subpœnas.'

"'Certainly, Frank; you can go if you think it is time. With so much at stake for yourself and others, you ought to be diligent to secure the attendance of your witnesses.'

"'I may stand in need of a little money, sir, to pay ferriages and other expenses.'

"'Very true, Frank. Here are five dollars for you. But how are you going?'

"'Afoot, sir.'

"'You had better take a horse, Frank; you will be able to get through your business and come back sooner. Take Roger; and as he must be fed, too, here is as much more money to pay the charges.'

"'Thankee, master.'

"Old Hannah was finally proved never to have been legally a slave; and, as *partus sequitur ventrem*, all her offspring were declared free. Frank came home from the scene of triumph and exclaimed, 'Well, master, we've gained our cause!'

"'Have you, Frank?' Well, what are you that are with me going to do with yourselves?'

"'As for us, master, we can't leave you.'

"'But I cannot afford to pay the wages you will expect, Frank.'

"'There won't be much in the way as to that, sir. We have thought that, take us all together, old and young, big and little, we should be worth to you what we have been used to receiving all along.'

"'But that will never do, Frank. I cannot agree to that. You must have wages for your work.'

"Mr. Scott accordingly made an estimate of what he ought to pay them, ranging from one dollar to six dollars a month. These emancipated slaves remained with him to the day of his death. When he saw one who he thought could do better for himself by his industry and enterprise, he would advise him to seek other employment; and they bore such good characters, that there was no difficulty in their procuring situations. It was only in this way that any of them left him.

"This anecdote illustrates the feeling that prevailed in *old* Virginia, as contrasted with the feeling of *modern* Virginia."

CANARIES.—Rather more than three hundred years ago, a ship partly laden with little green birds captured in the Canary Islands, having been wrecked near Elba, the birds made their escape, flew to the island and there settled themselves. Numbers of them were caught by the inhabitants, and on account of their sprightly vivacity and the brilliancy of their voice they soon became great favorites, and rapidly spread over Europe. The original color of the canary is not the bright yellow with which its feathers are generally tinted, but a kind of dappled olive-green, black and yellow, either color predominating according to circumstances. By careful management, the bird-fanciers are able to procure canaries of every tint between the three colors, having instituted a set of rules by which the quality and arrangement of the coloring is reduced to a regular system. Still the original dappled green is always apt to make its appearance; and even when two colored birds are mated, a green one is pretty sure to be found in the nest. For my own part I care little for the artificial varieties produced by the fanciers; and to my mind, an intelligent bird and a good songster is not one whit the less attractive because the colors of its plumage are not arranged precisely according to the fancier's rules.—*Routledge Natural History.*

BABY LOUISE.

I.

I'm in love with you, baby Louise!
With your silken hair and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies.—
God's sunshine, baby Louise.

II.

When you fold your hands, baby Louise,
Your hands, like a fairy's so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saint like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
You learned above, baby Louise?

III.

I'm in love with you, baby Louise!—
Why, you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight, to hear the words said,
"I love you," baby Louise.

IV.

Do you hear me, baby Louise?
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And—you've gone to sleep, like a weary flower,
Ungrateful baby Louise!

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXXV.

The bullet which Erle received within his breast was well aimed, but it was not fatal.

He suffered, in fact, more from the journey which followed closely upon the receipt of the wound, than he did from the lead itself. Loss of blood and inflammation did their work, and kept him confined to his chamber for some time, unconscious whither he had been transported, and unknowing those who occasionally hung over his couch during the worst paroxysms of the brain fever by which he had been attacked.

When the fever had subsided, and all danger was over, his recovery was almost as rapid as had been his illness. Youth, native strength, a constitution that had been hardened from his childhood upwards by physical exercises, all combined to restore him to comparative health in a very short time.

As soon as he was able to rise from his bed, he requested to be permitted to quit the house in which he was located; but neither the nurse who waited on him, nor the doctor who attended him, would hear of such a step at present.

There seemed to him to be a long and strange interregnum between his lost memory at Kingswood Chase and his first recollection here. He had a vague idea of some female face hovering over him in his illness; it was not that of Lady Maud, nor was it that of the nurse. It was not so fair and innocently-beautiful as that of the former, but it was far pleasanter, handsomer, and younger than that of the latter. It had worn a tender, anxious expression, and the large, liquid eyes seemed to have regarded him with pitying solicitude while he lay helpless; but at best it was a floating notion, and might have been a chimera of the brain after all.

If he tried to persuade himself into this belief, he found the task one more difficult than he cared to own.

He recognized the apartment in which he had been placed. He had occupied it before. It was the first chamber he had slept in in London, and he knew that the house of which it formed a part was tenanted by Sir Harris Stanhope and family.

He could not imagine wherefore and by what means he had been brought back hither; but being here, he had a strong impression that the young and handsome face which had watched over him during his violent fever was that of Beatrice Stanhope. He knew that his mind had wandered, and that he had spoken incoherently; he was very solicitous to know of what his ravings consisted while she was present. Now he was able to leave his bed, to sit up, and walk about, he saw the face no more; he feared that he should. He was relieved that it did not come. But Carlton did not visit him, nor even Sir Harris Stanhope himself, and that he thought strange.

"Why am I brought here?" was a question he perpetually asked himself, without being able to answer it. It was, however, answered at an unexpected moment.

On rising one morning, the third after he had been able to leave his bed, he found the door of an adjoining room, which had previously been kept locked, ajar. He pushed it open, and entering the apartment, found himself in the presence of Sir Harris Stanhope.—The astute diplomatist arose, with an appearance of frank warmth, and taking his hand, pressed it with every appearance of genuine kindliness.

"I congratulate you upon your recovery from a very sharp attack, Mr. Gower," he said, in a friendly tone. "You have had, I may say, two narrow escapes, one from a very deadly missile, and the other from a very dangerous attack of fever on the brain; but you, no doubt, bear a charmed life."

"I thank you, Sir Harris, for your kind congratulations," returned Erle, in a clear and somewhat decided tone. "I am as yet hardly competent to judge of the true nature of the escapes I have had, but I have no doubt I shall be able to appreciate their danger when I am better acquainted with it. I believe, however, that I am greatly indebted to you—"

"I beg you won't mention it," interposed Sir Harris, quickly.

"You will at least do me the favor to permit me to mention one thing," continued Erle, "and that is, the surprise I feel at finding myself beneath your roof."

"Oh, that is a little arrangement between myself and Lord Kingswood," responded Sir Harris, with a quiet smile.

"Will you do me the honor to explain to me the particulars of that little arrangement?" inquired Erle, gazing upon him steadfastly.

"Do you think you can endure the fatigue of a somewhat prolonged conversation?" inquired Sir Harris, with affected solicitude.

"I have no doubt of it," returned Erle, in the same decisive tone.

"I am at your service, then," returned Sir Harris, "and so be seated, Mr. Gower."

Erle complied promptly, and Sir Harris arranged himself comfortably in an easy-chair. He took a large pinch of snuff, and commenced:—

"To abbreviate a long story, Mr. Gower," he said, "I have known Lord Kingswood for thirty years, and I know your history down to the present time."

Erle reddened and bowed; he felt that he should be glad if he knew all of it himself.

"I may add," continued Sir Harris, in a self-sufficient tone, "that I am acquainted with your secret history, Mr. Gower."

Erle slightly and silently bowed again.—Sir Harris observed a slight contraction of his brows, and knew that he was on dangerous ground.

"I only allude to it," he said, in a smooth tone, and with a bland smile, "for the purpose of observing that, at the proper time, and in the proper place, the knowledge, hidden, I am aware, at the present from you, will stand you in good stead; at present it can be of no service to you; on the contrary, it would be a positive injury to your present as well as to your future prospects. We will, therefore, if you please, let it stand as it does, until we can make use of it to some purpose."

"It appears to me," said Erle, with a frown, "that my secret history, as you are pleased to term it, is a species of capital, employed for the furtherance of every interest except my own."

"You judge rashly, young man," rejoined Sir Harris; "but it is pardonable. Young as you are, circumstanced as you have been, it is not surprising that you should jump to erroneous conclusions. Hear from me, who know it, that at the present instant it is a disadvantage to you; at a later period, not, perhaps, so very far hence, it will prove of great and important value to you. I know your present condition as well as I know of your recent clandestine visit to Kingswood Hall—as well, indeed, as that I know you were conveyed bleeding and senseless hither, and that you are here now. By the way, do you know who sent that bullet through you?"

Erle waved his hand. "It is irrelevant, sir. Proceed," he answered, somewhat impatiently.

Sir Harris took a pinch of snuff, and bending his head acquiescently, went on—"You are, Mr. Gower—pardon my plainness—wholly in the power of one who can and will prove to you a most excellent friend or a most bitter and merciless enemy. But you have promised obedience to his wishes, and I have no right therefore to assume that you have any intention to treat them in a hostile spirit. Now, mark me, Mr. Gower, your position with Mr. Vernon is one of the meanest and most abject dependence—"

"Sir Harris Stanhope!" ejaculated Erle, fiercely.

"Do not misinterpret my meaning," continued Sir Harris, calmly. "I say your position, without any reference to you personally; on the contrary. Assured that you possess a high and noble nature, that you are actuated by generous and elevated sentiments, I appeal to you to throw off that galling yoke, and act independently, as becomes a brave and accomplished gentleman."

"Well, sir?" said Erle, coldly, as Sir Harris paused to take breath.

"Well, sir," iterated Sir Harris, "a path is now open to you to honor and to wealth.—You have excellent intelligence, a cultivated mind, youth, activity and energy. I am prepared to place in your hands at any moment from to day a lucrative and honorable appointment in the Government of India, to provide all preliminary expenses, to fit you out, and forward you to your appointed post with the equipments of a nobleman, and to engage that, in a comparatively brief term, you shall return to your native land rich, honorable, and master of a situation to which you may now perhaps lift you eyes hopefully, but which, without my aid, you can never conquer."

Erle mused for a minute. The temptation was great. It would be a grand way to win Lady Maud. He knew that she would be faithful to him in his absence, and on his return, loaded with the honors a clear head, a bold heart, and great energy would obtain for him—and the wealth he should speedily amass, he could, with an unabrased conscience, take her from home and friends to his heart, if they, as no doubt they would, refused their sanction to his union with her. It was, indeed, a path which seemed to open before him direct to all he coveted. He was young, very young; what would be a few brief years, if, by enduring their trials, he won Maud, and won her nobly, too! His heart swelled at the thought.

Sir Harris Stanhope watched him closely; he saw that his imagination was at play by the enlargement of his eyes, by their quick and brilliant flashes, and by the restless play of his lips. Presently he turned to Sir Harris, and said, slowly and somewhat earnestly, "What is the reverse of this pleasing picture?"

"You mean, of course, should you reject my proposition?" said Sir Harris.

"I do," replied Erle.

Sir Harris shrugged his shoulders.

"I have told you," he rejoined, "that you are absolutely in the power of a merciless enemy. You will no longer be permitted to minister to the revengeful machinations of Horace Vernon, you will at the same time be thrust into the world as an outcast, hunted from place to place, knowing no peace nor no rest. These are modes of persecution of which the law can take no hold, but which are, nevertheless, murderously destructive in their character, and you would be pursued until you found life such a burden—"

"Hold!" cried Erle, with a contemptuous gesture. "You are speaking of me as if I had neither will, energy, nor power of action—as if I had no voice to make my wrongs heard, nor strength to battle with my persecutors—"

"Stay," cried Sir Harris, hastily. "We are discussing the reverse before I have pointed out the whole of the merits of the obverse. I have invested the appointment I have offered to you with the chance of honors and wealth; but there remains a yet greater and more fascinating inducement to accept the post than any I have named."

Erle recoiled a little. "What is that?" he asked, mistrustfully.

"I have it within you chamber. I will show it to you," he said, rising abruptly from his seat. "Attend me, if you please," he added, with a low chuckle.

He took hold of Erle's arm in a playful manner, and pushed rather than led him into an adjoining apartment. Erle had barely entered, when Sir Harris, quitting his hold, retreated from the room, and closed the door.

Erle's eyes ran round the apartment; he saw a female seated at a table, apparently bending over a book or picture. The noise of his entrance caused her to turn her head, and seeing him she immediately rose and advanced towards him.

He turned and looked behind him; he found that Sir Harris had disappeared, and that he was alone with Beatrice Stanhope.

When, on first returning to consciousness, he discovered that he was in the house of Sir Harris Stanhope, the probability of some such interview as this presented itself vividly to his mind. He hoped with much fervor that it might not come to pass, because it would be imperative upon him to depart himself with coldness to her; but his hopes were frustrated, and she was now alone with him; and to render his condition more painfully embarrassing, her father's last words respecting the fascinating inducement to accept the appointment he had offered to him were ringing in his ears.

He seemed at a glance to see the whole thing clearly, and he felt that had not his heart been already surrendered to Lady Maud, it would have tried his powers of self-denial to the utmost to have declined the appointment and the lady. As Beatrice turned her pallid face to him, and gazed upon him with a melancholy expression in her large, dark, brilliant eyes, he recognized the face that had been over him watchfully, or had flitted about the room during his illness; and it was not possible to repress a grateful emotion taking possession of his breast.

But he remembered, too, their last parting, and he feared to display the really kind and friendly sentiments he entertained for her, because she might misconstrue them; yet, out of genuine gratitude for her watchful tenderness in his sick chamber, it was impossible to treat her with apathy or indifference. Indeed, she did not give him the chance.

She had been prepared by her father for this interview, and she had dressed herself with exquisite taste. Charming as she was naturally, her beauty was materially heightened by her admirably-fitting dress, the arrangement of a flower, a ribbon, a trinket, and the elegance with which her luxuriant and glossy hair was disposed so as to perfectly suit the contour of her face.

She approached him with a joyous smile, and held out both her white, small hands to him. He took them, and she pressed them frankly and warmly, as though, independent of all other influences or emotions, she was really glad to see him. "I am so glad to see you again. I feared—I thought you would die."

He saw a tear glisten in her eye, and he felt that an expression of pain passed over his features, which she instantly observed.

"I thank you, Beatrice," he said, in a voice that slightly trembled, "with earnestness and sincerity. I am deeply sensible of your kind attentions to me when stretched upon my sick couch; be sure that I fervently appreciate them. Yet, if I might dare express such a wish, I would that you had been less kind to one who has it not in his power to make a just return for it."

"Nonsense, Erle," she replied, softly, while a rosy blush stole over her pale cheeks. "You know we are friends. You remember when last we met we agreed upon that point—and friends, you know, reciprocally return kindness for kindness."

"I should be glad to know," he returned, quickly, "how I might be able, if inadequately, to make, as a friend, an acceptable return for—"

"Playing the nurse when you were ill," she interrupted, with her low, musical laugh. "Pray consider that you have amply repaid me by getting well. Now, do not make any further allusion to it, Erle, because it makes me blush. Now, though roses on the cheek are desirable generally, they are not welcome when we know they have no business there. Sit down, Erle."

"Nay—"

"Do as your nurse tells you, like a good, obedient boy," she said, forgetting her own injunctions to him. "There," she added, as he sank into a couch, "that is proper, and—may I sit by your side, if you please?"

This was said in a light tone of banter, which disconcerted him, and he was not any the more composed to find that, before he could reply, she placed herself so near to him, that, when she spoke, her shoulder touched his.

The eloquent blood rushed into his face and crimsoned forehead and neck. He turned, cast his gaze out of the window, feeling that an *ebullition* was but the question of a very few minutes.

"Have you seen Carlton?" she said, as she found him remain silent.

He replied in the negative.

"Then you have not heard the news?" she added.

He smiled. "No, indeed," he returned.

"He is going to be married," she rejoined, fixing her large, dark eyes on his.

"Married!" he ejaculated, in an affected surprise, for he knew of the passion he had conceived for Violet.

"Mercy! how you start!" she exclaimed, laughingly. "Why, is not marriage the aim, the hope, the end—yes, Erle, emphatically the end of youth?"

"To whom is he to be married?" he interrogated, hastily.

"Well, anyone who knows Carlton might well ask that," she returned, still mirthfully. "He has fixed his heart on so many, but his mind only at last on one; and who do you think that one is? But you will never guess—indeed, I question if you know her. Since you disappeared from Brighton so suddenly—what a mysterious creature you are—you vanish like the spectre in a ghost story, and you appear again—"

"But Carlton's marriage—it interests me," interrupted Erle, to divert her attention from himself.

"Well, latterly, Carlton has renewed his intimacy with Cyril Kingswood," she said, placing her hand, as if unconsciously, upon his shoulder, "and Cyril has been paying his addresses, as you are aware, to Miss Eleanore Cotton, the daughter of a merchant prince. He has insisted on Carlton accompanying, to give him aid in making love—a very dangerous piece of service for Cyril to require of Carlton to undertake; however, things have gone smoothly, and turnout out favorably. Carlton was introduced to Miss Eleanore's sister, a pretty girl, named Henrietta. She had a heart and no sweetheart—Carlton had a heart and at least twenty sweethearts beside. None of them cared for him, and he quickly perceived that Miss Henrietta did. A woman who truly loves, Mr. Gower, can rarely help betraying it to him who has won her. So he thought, to use his own vulgar axiom, that one live duck was worth twenty imaginary swans; he proposed—was accepted. The two papas have arranged matters, and Cyril and Carlton will, of course, be married together. Do you not wish them joy, Erle?"

She looked steadfastly into his eyes as she put the question to him, and he slowly turned his head away.

"You are silent," she said, leaning her face upon his shoulder, "and cold. Oh, Erle! is this the way to treat *me*?"

She took his hand and gently pressed it.

He disengaged himself gently, and rose up.

"Beatrice," he said, in a low but clear, firm voice, "hear me—I am anxious that there should be no misunderstanding between you and me. You believe me, will you not, when I say that no earthly consideration would induce me to equivocate, color, varnish or tarnish the truth?"

"I have the very greatest faith in the integrity of your word," she answered, fitfully. This preface sounded like a death knell in her ears.

"I thank you; but you are only just to me," he responded. "Think believe me when I tell you that I entertain for you the sentiments of sincere, true affection, and I hope, lasting *friendship*."

She turned as white as marble, and a violent ringing in the ears almost prevented her hearing his words.

"I esteem you, Beatrice," he continued, speaking with earnestness, "so highly that, but for one circumstance, the friendship I feel for you would have been passionate love?"

She pared her white lips, and said, in an indistinct tone, while her flashing eyes rested eagerly on his—"In the name of Heaven, what circumstance was that?"

"I have—or I saw you," he replied.

She fell back upon the sofa in an almost lifeless condition. He approached her, but she waved him off. "It is but a sudden faintness," she whispered. "I shall be better presently. I have been taught to control my feelings," she added, with singular bitterness in her tone.

A minute, and she rose to her sitting posture again. She wiped the clammy, death like moisture from her white brow, and said, in a feeble voice—

"Pray proceed, Mr Gower, never heed my passing pain."

"But I do heed it, Beatrice," he cried, in a rich, ardent voice. "I feel it almost as deeply as you do yourself. Do you believe that when I came hither, alone, friendless, with a heart bursting with care—it is but little better now, Beatrice—I could be the daily, I may say hourly recipient of your gentle attentions, your sweet courtesies, your generous sympathy, your delicate services, and your unfailing amiability of temper, and not be drawn towards you by the very warmest ties of gratefulness? Young, beautiful, accomplished as you are, possessed of winning attractions, and what, to me, was far beyond all of these—a true and loyal sympathy for me in my lone condition—what would, what could have been those ties of gratitude but the very bonniest, dearest love, if my heart had not been previously irrevocably devoted to another? Yours, and yours alone it would have been, Beatrice."

She caught his hand and bent her face upon it. She wept passionately. Erle bent over her. "To have professed love to you would have been to deceive you and to bitterly wrong her whose love I have won, Beatrice," he said, in a soft, low tone. "You would not have wished this?"

"Not to have saved my life!" she exclaimed, rising up, and speaking with firmness. She turned her pallid face to his, and he fancied that in her lustrous eyes he beheld a gleam of enthusiasm.

"I thank you from my soul, Erle," she said, with emotion, "for this honorable explanation. It is noble of you—it is just to me. It is a disappointment, I own, such an one as I have never had, and, thank Heaven, such as I can never have again. It was a dream, delicious while it lasted. I am awake now, and, Erle, we are friends."

He took it, and pressed it ardently with his lips. "Friends indeed," he replied.

She withdrew her hand, and said—"We understand each other now, but to make our understanding complete, tell me, when you entered this room, was it with the special purpose of having an interview with me."

"I was unconscious that you were here," he replied.

"You have entered into no compact with Lord Kingswood to accept an appointment abroad, and with it my hand?" she asked, earnestly.

"I have not" he returned.

"Nor with my father?" she continued.

"Nor with him," he answered. "He did indeed offer me a post such as you mention with a fascinating inducement, but there was no compact."

"I was the fascinating inducement, then," she exclaimed, "and you were ushered in here to see whether it was worth your consideration; oh, I see it all now," she added, a hot flush of crimson mantling to her brow. "I was to be disposed of like a chattel or an appointment," and she dashed the tears of vexation from her eyes. "I acquit you, Erle, of being in any way a party to this degrading barter of my hand, but I will meet it in its own fashion. Farewell; it is probable we may never meet again; if we should, it must be as strangers. I will not risk a danger before which I may fall. Heaven bless you!" She flung her arms around his neck, and sobbed violently, as she gasped out—"May you be happy with Lady Maud."

Her instinct told her who had won his heart. A thousand trifles rushed into her memory to confirm it.

Accustomed to control her feelings, Beatrice withdrew herself hastily from his arms, wiped the tears from her eyes, and saying to him—"I comprehend the difficulty in which you are placed," she rang the bell violently.

On a servant making his appearance, she said—"Inform Sir Harris Stanhope I wish to speak with him."

The man disappeared, and almost immediately Sir Harris made his appearance, rubbing his hands, and smiling.

She drew herself up, and with a stern countenance and voice, she said—"You laid before me, sir, a proposition with which my future condition was intimately connected. It was, in fact, a matrimonial engagement with Mr. Erle Gower."

"Precisely," returned her father, rather disconcerted by her manner. "Present prosperity and happy marriage between two young, handsome people, and glorious prospects hereafter."

"Of the glorious prospects, and the ultimate object of the union, Sir Harris, I have not spoken to Mr. Gower," she continued, speaking in loud, clear tones, "and for this reason, sir, I have wholly altered my views upon the matter. I positively and most determinedly decline the honor of Gower's hand, and have decided that my destiny shall pursue an entirely different course to that which you have so carefully—without consulting my real happiness—intended and arranged for me."

So saying, she, without another word, glided swiftly out of the apartment, and hurried to her chamber.

Sir Harris turned passionately to Erle. "What does this mean, sir?" he cried, with a burst of passion.

"I have no explanations to make," returned Erle, haughtily.

"But I will know," shrieked Sir Harris, foaming at the mouth. "Defied by my own child, a butterfly, an insect, a worm! I will know!" and he rushed frantically from the room.

Erle heard within a minute of his departure a terrible uproar, and on making his way to the scene where it was raging, he reached it in time to see Sir Harris Stanhope fall back in the arms of his servants in an apoplectic fit.

He gave directions to the servants to place their master in his bed, despatched messengers for a doctor and Mr Carlton Stanhope, and then he quitted the house, and directed his steps towards the residence of old Pengrep.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Lord Kingswood's carriage placed him at the door of the minister's official residence, and he leaped from it, and stalked into the reception chamber.

There was a meeting of the members of the Government that morning to determine a question of Government policy, and there was an unusually full attendance. The Marquis of Chillingham was already there, and was seated in a chair by a table, surrounded by some ten or a dozen noblemen, engaged in, for him a somewhat remarkably animated and lively conversation.

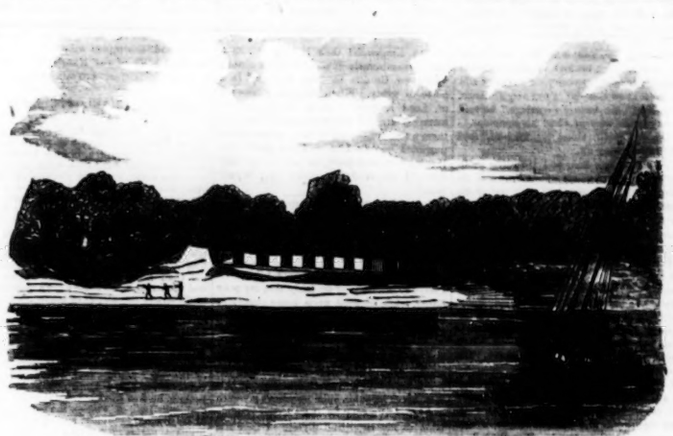
Two or three of Lord Kingswood's political friends greeted him as he entered, but he took no notice of them, and rolled his eyes wildly round the apartment, as if in search of some one. At last—glittering stars in a moonless night—they fastened upon the Marquis of Chillingham. He advanced towards him with hurried steps, and stood before him in a haughty, defiant attitude. The Marquis of Chillingham raised his gray eyes to Lord Kingswood's face, and took instant offence at the scornful expression of his features and the apparently insulting position he assumed.

He curled his lip so as just to show his teeth. He was not a person to be insulted even by imputation. His rank was higher than Lord Kingswood's, as well as his post in the Cabinet. "You look white this morning, Kingswood," he said, slowly.

"You are a villain," responded Lord Kingswood, between his teeth.

"And irritated, too; I hope that a fresh difference with your wife has not made you pass an uneasy night," he added, sarcastically.

"You are a scoundrel," shouted Lord Kingswood, in tones which were heard all over the



THE BATTERY AT SEWALL'S POINT.

We are indebted to Frank Leslie's Paper for the above sketch of the secession battery near Fortress Monroe—so often mentioned in the despatches from the latter place. Sewall's Point forms an extreme point of the promontory on which Norfolk stands, and is opposite nearly midway between Fortress Monroe and Newport News. Its exact strength is, of course, a secret to us, but there is no question it is very considerable, since the stores found at the Navy Yard were ample for that purpose. It has also been supplied with rifled cannon from the foundries now in full blast at Richmond. The width of the channel here, however, renders Sewall's Point of little importance as an offensive position, its only value being as a defence against any landing of the Federal troops in advancing upon Norfolk. The new rifled cannon at Fortress Monroe, it is said, have a range sufficient to pay their respects to Sewall's Point.

chamber, "a base, mean, unworthy scoundrel!"

All eyes were at once turned upon the two. Such a scene in such an atmosphere was singularly uncommon.

"You are mad, Lord Kingswood; I do not understand your meaning!" exclaimed the Marquis of Chillingham, haughtily rising as he spoke.

"Treacherous, unprincipled wretch; do you understand my meaning now," he cried, dashing his fist with such violence in the Marquis's face that he was hurled to the ground.

Their mutual friends interfered, and the Marquis of Chillingham was raised from the floor perfectly insensible.

"In God's name, what has made you commit yourself thus, Kingswood?" exclaimed a nobleman, laying his hand upon his arm.

Lord Kingswood impatiently flung him off. "I am Lord Kingswood!" he exclaimed, in a stern, imperious tone. "I will answer for what I have done in whatever fashion that prostrate villain, or any friend he may appoint, shall determine. I will await at my residence any communication which may be forwarded to me by you dishonorable politroon.

With these words, he strode out of the chamber, leaving the assembled nobles speechless with amazement. He entered his carriage, which, with many others, was drawn up near the principal entrance to the building, and gave the order to the coachman to drive him home—alas! home to him no longer.

He had been but a brief space within its walls, when he received a visit from Mr. Ebenezer Cotton. At any other time, he would have received him courteously and listened to him patiently; now his visit appeared to be singularly *malapropos*. However, though at first he declined to see him, Mr Cotton would not be denied, and made his appearance before him. Lord Kingswood, motioning to a seat, said, coldly and curtly—"I can spare you but a few minutes, Mr. Cotton; your visit at this moment is unfortunate."

Mr. Cotton by no means exhibited that self-satisfied, self gratulatory, consequential air he was in the habit of wearing. He bowed several times successively to Lord Kingswood, and then sidled into a chair. "Unfortunate or no, and unfortunate it is, as you say, my lord," he replied, in a kind of sleek voice, "it is a duty I owe to you to come prompt to you upon the present occasion.—When I commenced business, whenever I was pushed in a corner with regard to money matters, I went direct to my heaviest creditors, and laid my exact position before them. I found it to my advantage. I hope the same straightforward line of conduct may stand my friend, with you, my lord, now."

"I have already told you, Mr. Cotton," rejoined Lord Kingswood, sternly, "that I am seriously engaged; be good enough to be so straightforward, in what you are about to communicate to me, that you leave me nothing to guess."

"That's my maxim, my lord," responded Mr. Cotton, slapping his thigh, a rajgtitor'ard to the pint at once; and so here goes. My lord, your son, Mr. Cyril Kingswood, is engaged to be married to my daughter Nell—"

"I cannot now enter into any consultation respecting such trivial matters," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, peremptorily.

"But you must hear me," cried Mr Cotton, rather more loddly, "and then, my lord, if we can't agree, our solicitors must consult for us."

Lord Kingswood looked at him for a moment with surprise, and then said—"Proceed, sir."

"Well, my lord, the marriage is at an end—broken up—done for—can't take place!" exclaimed Mr Cotton, in hurried accents, as if glad to get the announcement off his mind.

"What has happened?" replied Lord Kingswood, in an almost feeble tone. He expected some new blow, and Cyril's to be the hand to strike it.

"Why, my lord, my daughter Nell took it into her head to fall in love with a young fellow she has known from childhood," returned Mr Cotton. "He was with me once, but we had a precious row about a matter of judgment, in which, as it turned out, he happened to be in the right and I in the wrong. Well, my Nell, my lord, unbeknown to me, has kept up a correspondence with him, and he having had the luck to work up a new material for women's dresses, has been successful, and is already a hundred thousand-pound man. We don't, in Manchester, take a long time, if luck sides with us, to scrape that sum up. So he, having a home to shelter, and an income to keep her, she has shaken my dust off her feet and taken to his. In a word, my lord, she has left my home, and married herself to Sam Everton, of Salford, better content to be plain Mrs. Everton than the next Lady Kingswood's."

Mr. Ebenezer Cotton paused, and looked Lord Kingswood hard in the face, to ascertain what effect the communication would have upon him. Rousing himself from his abstraction, Lord Kingswood said—"What does Mr. Cyril Kingswood say to this circumstance?"

"That's one of the strangest parts of the mysterious affair," exclaimed Mr. Cotton, "So far as I can learn, he has aided and abetted my Nell in her scheme, and expressed himself delighted at her success, because he said that she had united herself with the man she really loved."

Lord Kingswood's brow contracted. He passed his hands over and muttered—"It is better, perhaps, that this should have happened."

Mr. Cotton heard the remark, and marvelled not a little. He marvelled more when Lord Kingswood said—"It is clear we cannot alter the state of things. Let them remain as they are. Good morning, Mr. Cotton."

What! not a word about breach of promise of marriage—damages—law, and all that! Mr. Cotton could not believe that Lord Kingswood really intended to take the matter so calmly, and he said, suggestively—"But, my lord, there is a part, I presume, that you intend to play in this unpleasant affair?"

"There is, sir, and it is this," said Lord Kingswood, rising up and ringing the bell; "the engagement between your daughter and my son is at an end—so is our acquaintance. Good day! Mr. Cotton's carriage," he said to the servant who attended his summons.

"Oh, very well. Good day, my lord," said Mr Cotton, rising up.

Putting on his hat, and thrusting both hands into the pockets of his trowsers, he marched with a nonchalant strut out of the room, muttering—"I don't want to see yet any more, my friend."

Lord Kingswood, once more left alone, cast not a thought upon the communication he had just received. He went over his past life with Lady Kingswood, and called up hundreds of instances of what he now considered to be her perfidy, until his whole frame and brain glowed with rage and shame;—incidents which in truth were mere harmless flirtations, to which not one of his bitter, frantic suspicions would justly apply. His hatred of Lady Kingswood became intense—his animosity to the Marquis of Chillingham murderously vindictive. In the midst of a paroxysm of maddening thought, a servant appeared and announced in a loud voice—"General Sir Gordon Wyndham."

Lord Kingswood started to his feet; he guessed for whom this visitor appeared, and the nature of the communication he was about to make. He was mistaken. The general took his hand and wrung it. "I have just heard of the extraordinary and unhappy occurrence of this morning. I knew you would stand in need of a friend. I am here to take that position if you have not already appointed one."

Lord Kingswood gasped once or twice with emotion. At length he said—"I thought I had not one left."

"You should not have doubted me," said Sir Gordon emphatically, and added, hastily, "I will put no questions to you. I will not wound you deeper than I perceive you are wounded already. I must only express my regret that you did not at once send the fellow a challenge, and manage it quietly with out a brawl. I hear that you called Chillingham names, and in your passion so far forgot yourself, and those by whom you were surrounded, as to strike him to the earth." Lord Kingswood said, with more calmness than the general expected—"All that I did was premeditated, Wyndham. I called him by his proper titles, that the world should know his true character, and I struck him to the earth because—" He paused for an instant.

"What?" inquired the general, looking at him with some surprise.

"Because," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, between his set teeth, "he is an accomplished swordsman. I am not. I can cope with him with a barrel. I am the challenged. I choose pistols and ten paces. You understand, general." He hissed the last words maliciously.

Almost immediately after this a nobleman, and an old friend of the Marquis of Chillingham's arrived, the bearer of a challenge, couched in brief terms. Lord Kingswood chafed on reading the implied rather than expressed taunts contained in the note, but he assumed the most stoical calmness. He tore the note in pieces, trod them beneath his heel, and introduced the bearer of the note to General Sir Gordon Wyndham.

After a short conference between the friends of the two parties, the preliminaries were arranged. The noble friend of the Marquis of Chillingham offered no objection to the weapons or the distance named by Lord Kingswood, he only asked for two or three days' delay, as the Marquis had been shaken by the fall he had received, and his hand would therefore probably be unsteady. The point was at once conceded, and the Marquis of Chillingham's friend took his leave.

Sir Gordon Wyndham shortly afterwards retired also. He assured Lord Kingswood that as soon as the day, the hour, and the spot where the hostile meeting was to take place were determined upon, he would communicate with him.

One—two—three days passed away without his lordship receiving the expected communication. During the interval no tidings had been received of Lady Kingswood. Cyril, too, was absent, and Lord Kingswood, absorbed by a gloomy distraction, made no comment upon it, did not even put an inquiry to a servant respecting him. The only intelligence from Kingswood Hall that reached him was exclusively devoted to the continued and dangerous illness of Lady Maud.

Lord Kingswood passed most of this period secluded in his library and engaged in writing. When he had completed his task, he made a packet of the papers he had written and placed them in a small iron safe, which he locked, and then seated himself in his chair, in grim expectation of General Sir Gordon Wyndham's communication, like one who awaits a summons from the grave. The general, however, came himself, and informed Lord Kingswood that the Marquis of Chillingham was sufficiently recovered to meet him, that a spot some distance from London had been decided upon, and that it would be necessary at once to depart, for as it was they would have to travel all night to reach the place of meeting.

Lord Kingswood heard him with comparative indifference. "I care not how or where we meet, so that we do meet," he said, calmly.

At the same time he produced a key, and handing it to Sir Gordon Wyndham, he pointed to the small iron safe, and continued—"Take that key, Wyndham, and keep it until the issue of the meeting between Chillingham and myself is decided. Should I fall, you will open that safe, and within it you will find a packet addressed to you. It contains my last wishes respecting one who has suffered some wrong at my hands, and for which I would make atonement so far as may be possible."

"You may rely upon my seeing your wishes carried into effect," returned Sir Gordon Wyndham, depositing the key in his pocket-book.

Lord Kingswood then handed to him a case of handsomely-finished duelling-pistols, which Sir Gordon likewise deposited in a place of safety. When they were disposed of, Lord Kingswood rang for his private secretary and for his steward, and gave to them a few ordinary directions, as though he purposed leaving London for a short term. Having dismissed them, he said to Sir Gordon—"I am ready to attend you, Wyndham."

Before, however, he could quit the room, a servant entered, handed him a letter, and retired. The envelope was edged with a deep mourning border. He tore it open, and read as follows:—

"My Lord,—It is with inexpressible grief I have to inform your lordship that my poor father, while engaged upon some important service entrusted, as I gather from my sister, to him by your lordship to perform, was suddenly attacked by a fit of apoplexy, and though the greatest efforts medical skill could employ to save him were made, he sank beneath the attack, and expired to day. In this moment of affliction your lordship's presence and counsel would be the greatest possible boon to my sister and myself. I have the honor to be, in deep sorrow, your lordship's humble servant, CARLTON STANHOPE."

A strange icy pain shot through Lord Kingswood's heart as he read this painful communication. He set his teeth together, crushed the letter in his hand, flung it from him upon the floor, and said, in a voice which grated on Sir Gordon's ear—"Lead on, Wyndham, there is nothing to detain me—nothing shall detain me now!"

Lord Kingswood turned his back on Kingswood House for ever. The dawn was breaking when they reached their destination. The air was cold, but the sky was bright and clear. The place selected was a lonely spot on some forest land which had been cleared to a considerable distance with the intention of appropriating it to agricultural purposes. Here and there were patches of tall fern, but the ground generally was level and very well calculated for the murderous object with which it had been sought.

The two opposing parties arrived nearly at the same time from different points. A gentleman, an experienced surgeon, accompanied the Marquis of Chillingham and his friend. The conferences between the seconds were of a very brief character, and the ground was fixed upon without an objection being made.

It was somewhat strange that not a single allusion was made to the real cause of the duel. All that had transpired between the seconds was to the effect that Lord Kingswood had, in a public place, applied opprobrious epithets to the Marquis of Chillingham, and had assaulted him in a ruffianly manner, for which he demanded a complete retraction and an ample, abject, public apology, or "satisfaction." Lord Kingswood peremptorily refused to do the former, and this meeting was therefore the result. Lady Kingswood's name was never mentioned nor alluded to by the Marquis, the husband, or the seconds.

While the pistols were being loaded the Marquis of Chillingham and Lord Kingswood stood near to each other, and once each glared on the other's face. Lord Kingswood was pale and haggard, and his eyes were red and inflamed. The Marquis was pale too, but his features were as composed as usual, and, save a blue lump upon his forehead, there was no alteration in his accustomed appearance.

He smiled as his eye met that of Lord Kingswood's, and the smile was as it was intended to be—sardonic. At this moment Sir Gordon Wyndham approached him, handed to him the pistol, and murmured—"For God's sake, Kingswood, be calm, be calm! Your life depends upon it!"

Lord Kingswood pressed his hand, and drew a long, deep breath.

The Marquis of Chillingham took the pistol which was handed to him by his second, and balanced it in his hand. "It is heavier than that I have practised with," he soliloquised rather than addressed to his companions.

"Practised with?" echoed his friend, with elevated brows.

The Marquis turned his white face to him. "Yes," he said, calmly, "some few years back I could drive into a disc of cork at ten paces. I do not think my hand has lost the trick."

No more was said; the two noblemen were placed; the word was given; they parted; and took their places quickly, as if each was bent or turning and firing before the other had the chance, for neither intended to miss a vital part if possible. That blow had determined the Marquis on taking the deadliest vengeance.

Both turned simultaneously; a bright flash burst from each pistol at the same moment. Lord Kingswood uttered a howl of pain, and fell upon the ground instantaneously. The Marquis of Chillingham, with his arm and pistol still extended, stood motionless, as if watching the effect of his aim. Both seconds, believing that he had been missed, ran to raise Lord Kingswood who was senseless. At the same instant blood gushed forth from the Marquis of Chillingham's mouth as if it was being pumped up; he swayed backwards and forwards for an instant, and fell then upon his face.

The surgeon, who had watched him from the moment that he observed him keep his pistol-hand extended, rushed up to him, and turned him over. He placed his hand upon his heart. "He has been shot through the heart! He is dead!" he exclaimed.

He left him upon the moist grass and went towards Lord Kingswood, and found that he had been struck in the hip. The Marquis had misjudged his distance, owing to the weight of the pistol, by about two inches.

He bound up the bleeding wound hastily, and then, with the assistance of postilions, Lord Kingswood was conveyed, still senseless, to the carriage, Sir Gordon Wyndham deciding to convey him to some place of concealment until he should recover and himself determine what course to pursue. The other second and the surgeon were left alone with the dead body of the Marquis of Chillingham.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEATH OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S FATHER.

Charlotte Bronte's father is dead. On the 7th of June he fell asleep in the wierd old parsonage of Haworth, closing his eyes on the hearthstone where the three lovely women who made its name glorious sat but a little while ago, dreaming inscrutably over the wonderful world within them, and whence they passed one by one, their fragile shapes seeming rather to fade slowly than die quickly, like the common lot. Eighty-four years old, and, but for that faithful son-in-law, Nicholls, who looks to us in reading of him more like a protraction of Charlotte's life than a separate existence—but for him and the servants, all alone! We may believe or disbelieve the stories of his iron firmness; he may have fired himself off in pistol-cartridges from the back-door step; he may have torn taffeta gowns; he may have been a gloomy companion for three motherless women, and a gifted, reckless, unbalanced son—we forget all that now. He outlived one of the rarest families that were ever born to man. All that we know of him is known because he was the father of Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell, of Patrick the younger, dead in his despairing youth, after a life of wild, brilliant misery, for which no philosopher in the tangled mechanism of morbid nature could dream of holding him responsible. The Rev. Patrick Bronte was born on the Saint's day which gave him his name, in the year 1777. A brief but unutterably fascinating history, with an end which saddens us, yet makes us still more glad. It is impossible to feel overbalancing regret at the death of the last Bronte. We rejoice that there is none living to bear that name which always meant misery and spiritual unhealth, while it portended genius and glory. It is as if we saw a galaxy of glorious stars, and knew that while they shone they were burning in a bitter conscious pain. We might sorrow for ourselves when they dimmed and went out in white ashes; but for their sakes we should rejoice. It is a beneficent law of nature that no morbid growth, however splendid, propagates itself through generations of unhealth and agony. And we would have had no more of the Brontes left us than dwells in their immortal books.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE LOYAL REGIONS OF THE SOUTH.

From the Washington National Republican.

Upon a general view of the Slave States east of the Mississippi, they exhibit a disaffected rim, skirting the Mississippi River, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic, inclosing an elevated plateau which is occupied by a loyal population. The lowlands, which constitute this disaffected rim, are characterized by the presence of a large proportion of slaves. The highlands, which constitute the central region, are comparatively free from that social and political curse.

West Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, Western North Carolina, East Tennessee, North Alabama, Northern Georgia, and probably Western South Carolina, are loyal. East Tennessee, which is the centre of this central plateau, is not only loyal, but belligerently loyal. Its people are not only ready to fight, but they are determined to fight in defence of their liberties and nationality.

The central plateau embraces the Cherokee country, acquired by General Jackson, twenty-five years ago, and which he regarded as so essential to the unity and integrity of the South. It is over that country that the great railroads do pass and must pass, which unite Memphis and Charleston, and the South-West with Virginia.

This geographical description points out what the plan of the Summer campaign ought to be. It is simply to take advantage of the loyalty of East Tennessee, which is easy of access through East Kentucky, and thereby reduce the rebellious South to *its mere rim.* The great railroad from the South-West to Virginia runs through East Tennessee for more than two hundred miles. It can be cut off at a blow. The same thing is true of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad.

The entire of this elevated region of the South, which is loyal, is favorable to the health of troops in a Summer campaign, much more so, indeed, than the average of the places where our troops are now located.

A BOY KILLS A FOX WITH A STONE.—A letter from Buckstown, Pa., relates the following incident:—"As my boy of eleven years of age, was going to fetch the cows, this morning, he had occasion to pass a farm house, on his way to the field, that the cows were in, and after he was past the house a little distance, his attention was attracted by a young, gray fox and an old rooster, the fox was parleying with the rooster—the fox does not run all at once on a chicken, but goes slyly along until within near them. When the boy saw them, the fox was on his forelegs, knees, swaying his head from one side to the other, and the rooster making fight, trying to peck the fox's head, all the while the fox watching his chance for the rooster's throat, while, the boy was anxious to get the fox, and the fox had to watch both rooster and boy; the boy thinking he was not smart enough to catch the fox so, picked up some stones and threw twice and missed the fox, the fox still in a crouching position, and not wishing to lose his breakfast of the rooster—the boy threw a stone the third time and hit the fox right in the middle of the forehead with all his force. The fox turned his all fours up and laid his head on his side, and was dead. The boy brought him home as a trophy."

A SIGNIFICANT APPOINTMENT.—*A U. S. Collector for New Orleans.*—William D. Gallagher, of Kentucky, lately confidential clerk of the Secretary of the Treasury, has been appointed Collector of the port of New Orleans, and has left Washington for Cairo. He will accompany our army in its progress down the Mississippi, and there can be no doubt that his appointment and departure for this point indicates an advance, at the earliest practicable moment, upon Memphis. He does not expect to reach the New Orleans Custom-House for some weeks, but will move southwardly with the flag, restoring the commercial relations of the Union, and sealing up all lines of transportation to the rebels as he proceeds.

It may not be generally known that the Collection District of New Orleans embraces the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio, including their tributaries, and reaching as far east as Pittsburg. The so-called Collectors of Louisville and other towns within the district are only the Surveyor's Agents of the New Orleans Collector.

GEN. ROBERT ANDERSON, the hero of Fort Sumter, arrived at Altoona (Penn.) on Monday afternoon. He is on his way to the mountains in the interior of the State, to recruit his health.

LIEUT. JOHN T. GREBLE.

The American Presbyterian publishes the subjoined extract from a letter written by Lieutenant Greble the day before he was killed:—

"CAMP BUTLER, NEWPORT NEWS, VA., Sunday, June 9th, 1861.

"It is a delightful Sabbath morning—it has a Sabbath feeling about it. If you had lost the run of the week, such a day as to day would tell you it was the Sabbath. The camp is unusually quiet, and its stillness broken by little except the organ tones of some of the Massachusetts men, who are on the beach, singing devotional airs. Last Sabbath the men were at work in the trenches; to day is their first day of rest. A great deal of work has been done, and during the last week, under unfavorable circumstances—rainy days. With very little more labor our whole line of entrenchment will be finished. There is a little trimming off to be done and a magazine to be built; a little earth to be thrown up in front of some heavy Columbiads that have been mounted, and some storehouses to be built; but enough has been done to allow the rest to be completed by general details, and to give a chance for drilling.

"Colonel Phelps has appointed me Ordnance officer of the post. We do not now fear any attack; the position is too strong. I hear that Davis has given the Federal troops ten days' time in which to leave the soil of Virginia. The time is nearly up—but we are not quite ready to move away.

"I hope that I may be given courage and good judgment enough to do well my duty in any circumstances in which I may be placed. As far as I can see, there is not much danger to be incurred in this campaign. In the front, both sides seem better inclined to talking than fighting. If talking could settle it, by giving the supremacy forever to the General Government, I think it would be better than civil war; but that talking can settle it I do not believe."

Just before starting for the battle in which he was killed, he wrote on a piece of paper, in pencil, for his wife:

"May God bless you, my darling, and grant you a happy and peaceful life. May the good Father protect you and me, and grant that we may long live happily together. God give me strength, wisdom and courage. If I die, let me die as a brave and honorable man; let no stain of dishonor hang over me or you."

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IMPORTANT STATEMENTS.

GEN. BEAUREGARD'S CIRCULAR.—The *N. Y. Tribune* has received a letter from the Hon. John Minor Botts, dated Washington City, June 24, 1861, which he opens by saying:—"You will be surprised to hear from me, and especially from this place. It was with great danger I reached here, and only under cover of a disguise." * * * "I announced myself as a candidate (for Congress) in the Richmond District, and received 173 votes, which, there being no opposition, elects me."

Mr. Botts further says that Gen. Beauregard has sent a circular South, from which the following is a quotation:

"IF THE COTTON STATES DO NOT RAISE AND EQUIP ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN IN SIX WEEKS, WE ARE RUINED."

"Our troops in this State (Virginia) to a great extent, are busy in suppressing insurrections among the blacks. They are breaking out in every direction." Gen. Beauregard's Circular adds: "*But for this your desire to see Washington in ruins would long since have been gratified.*"

Mr. Botts further says that "Extra Billy Smith is now in this city"—Washington. The object of his visit is to correspond with Maryland traitors. The Legislature of that State has been advised by Jeff. Davis to continue in session, adjourning only for short intervals. "Smith," he adds, "was in the War Department to day, disguised as a beggar."

[The above is now said by the *Tribune* to be a probable forgery. Mr. Botts is not in Washington.]

QUEEN VICTORIA.—The rumors that there are fears for the lunacy of her Majesty Queen Victoria, would seem to derive substance from the announcement of the Gazette de France, that "Dr. Schoelin has been sent for to London to attend a consultation of French and German physicians on the State of the Queen's health, which, it seems, is such as to give rise to uneasiness." Another journal learns from Berlin, that the Prince and Princess Royal, with the little Prince William, are going to visit London about the middle of July, the object being to "procure a salutary emotion for Queen Victoria." A parliamentary explanation is looked for in England.

GENERAL LANE'S KANSAS BRIGADE.—General Jim Lane will return to Kansas in a day or two. His brigade will consist of five regiments of infantry, six companies of cavalry, and six of artillery. The famous Montgomery will command one of the regiments. The General has dispatched Colonel Weer with a proclamation, calling upon the people of Kansas to rally under the flag of the Union, and announcing his intention to come to the rescue of the Union men in Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. The General will make himself heard, with six thousand hardy frontiersmen, all along the south-western border in less than a month.

WHAT A MORMON WOMAN SAYS.—The Rochester (New York) Democrat publishes the following extract of a letter from a Mormon girl, Agnes Oliphant, a niece of Brigham Young:—"We folks here must replenish the world if you folks there depopulate it."

PRICE CURRENT FOR THE TIMES.

Has an Upward Tendency.—Bunting, the U. S. pattern has risen rapidly, and holders express their belief that it will never come down.

There is no Change—Among the Southern shopkeepers.

Firm, with Prospects of Immediate Advance—The Grand Army of the United States.

Sales Made on Southern Account—By the vessels of the United States Navy.

Spirits Buoyant—Those of the Northern Army.

Spirits Depressed—Those of the Southern rebels. Whiskey, in particular, is *going down* with great rapidity.

Remains Unchanged—The Union sentiment of the North.

The Supply Exceeds the Demand—Of Northern volunteers.

Sales for Private Account, the Terms of which are not Transpired—Some of the army contracts.

Freely offered, but No Takers—The Southern loan.

A Large Stock Still on Hand—Of Northern cash for Union purposes.

Transactions are Limited—At the South, especially since the blockade.—*Com. Bulletin.*

SECESSION OUTRAGES.

CONFIRMED BY MR RUSSELL.

We have heard persons in this city doubt the general truth of statements in the newspapers, giving an account of the imprisonment of men by the secessionists to serve in their armies. These doubting gentlemen will probably be convinced when they read the following extract from a recent letter of Mr. Russell's, in the *London Times.* Mr Russell has only erred so far in seeing things down South in too favorable a light:

[*Correspondence of the London Times.*]

NEW ORLEANS, May 26.—There are doubts arising in my mind respecting the number of armed men actually in the field in the South, and the amount of arms in the possession of the Federal (Confederate?) forces. The constant advertisements and appeals for "a few more men, to complete" such and such companies, furnish some sort of evidence that the ranks are still wanting. But a painful and startling sight into the manner in which volunteers have been sometimes obtained, has been afforded to me at New Orleans. In no country by volunteers have outrages on British subjects been so frequent and so wanton as in the States of America. They have been frequent, perhaps, because they have generally been attended with impunity.

English men-of-war will be still a little surprised to hear that within a few days British subjects living in New Orleans have been seized, knocked down, carried off from their labor at the wharf and the ship's hold, and compelled by violence to serve in the "volunteer" ranks! These cases are not isolated—They are not in twos and threes, but in tens and twenties: they have not occurred stealthily or in by-ways; they have taken place in the open day, and in the streets of New Orleans. These men have been dragged along like felons, protesting in vain that they were British subjects. Fortunately, their friends bethought them that there was still a British Consul in the city, who would protect his countrymen—English, Irish or Scotch.—Mr. Mure, when he heard of the reports and of the evidence, made energetic representations to the authorities, who, after some evasion, gave orders that the impressed "volunteers" should be discharged, and the "Tiger Rifles" and other companies were deprived of the services of thirty-five British subjects whom they had taken into their ranks. The Mayor promises that it shall not occur again. It is high time that such acts should be put a stop to, and that the mob of New Orleans should be taught to pay some regard to the usages of civilized nations. There are some strange laws here and elsewhere in reference to compulsory service on the part of foreigners, which it would be well to inquire into, and Lord John Russell may be able to deal with them at a favorable opportunity. As to any liberty of opinion or real freedom here, the boldest Southerner would not dare to say a shadow of either exists. It may be as bad in the North, for all I know, but in the Richmond District, and in all my communications I speak of things as they appear to me to be in the place where I am at the time. The most cruel and atrocious acts are perpetrated by the rabble who style themselves citizens. The national failing of curiosity and prying into other people's affairs is now rampant, and assumes the name and airs of patriotic vigilance. Every stranger is watched, every word is noted, espionage to the utmost extent, and every letter-box; love of country takes to eavesdropping, and freedom shaves men's heads, and packs men up in boxes for the utterance of "Abolition sentiments." In this city there is a terrible substratum of crime and vice, violence, misery, and murder, over which the wheels of the Cotton King's chariot rumble gratingly, and on which rest in dangerous security the feet of his throne. There are numbers of negroes who are sent out on the streets every day, with orders not to return with less than 75 cents—anything more they can keep. But if they do not gain that amount (a 6d. a day—they are liable to punishment; they may be put into jail on charges of laziness, and may be flogged *ad libitum*, and are sure to be half starved. Can anything, then, be more suggestive than the paragraph, which appears in the last city paper:—"*Only* three coroners' inquests were held yesterday on persons found drowned in the river, names unknown?" The italics are mine. Over and over again has the boast been repeated to me that on the plantations lock and key are unknown or unused in the planters' houses. But in the cities they are much used, though scarcely trusted. It appears, indeed, that unless a slave has made up his or her mind to run for freedom at the penalties of flight, there would be no inducement to commit theft, for money or jewels would be useless; search would be easy, detection nearly certain. That all the slaves are not indifferent to the issues before them is certain. At the house of a planter, the other day, one of them asked my friend,—"Will we be made to work, massa, when ole English come?" An old domestic in the house of a politician in this city said,—"There are few whites in this place who ought not to be killed for their cruelty to us." Another said—"Oh, just wait till they attack Pickens!" These little hints are significant enough, coupled with the notices of runaways and the lodgments in police jails, to show that all is not quiet below the surface. The holders, however, are firm, and there have been many telegraphic stating that the slaves have contributed to the various funds for State defence, and they generally show the very best spirit.

FORWARD AT LAST.—We are enabled to assert, upon the authority of gentlemen who are in the secrets of the campaign, that a decided forward movement will be made within a very short time, in the trumpmost success of which the people of the whole Union must, such as befell us at Great Bethel, Vienna, and Mathias Point, will be forgotten. We congratulate the country, that after this long and seemingly useless inaction, the power of the Government is about to put forth the thousands of hearts, long despondent with sad foreboddings of evil in innumerable things, are about to be changed to joy unspeakable by the begins of the charge. Forward to Richmond! We seize the cry of the old crusader, and shout with exultant voices, "God wills it!—God wills it."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

GEN. LEE WANTS TO COME BACK AGAIN!—Some days ago I informed you that a rupture had broken out between Davis and Lee, the Commander-in Cuief of the Virginia forces. Although the report was not believed in many quarters, I have the best authority for saying that the story in question was true. Indeed, intelligence was received at the War Department to day that General Lee had left the Rebel army in disgust, and was anxious to have his old position in the Federal army. And from the recent complimentary letter from Mrs. Lee to General McDowell, published some days ago, and it would seem as if she was trying to pave the way for her husband's reinstatement.—*Washington Cor. of Press.*

THE TRUE WHIG has good reasons for saying that Gen. Scott has expressed a wish that Gen. Wood should be put in command of Fortress Monroe. Some little time has elapsed since that wish was expressed, but the Washington letter-writers give no hint that it is to be acted upon.

MILITARY MATTERS.

TEMPERANCE.—Dr. Hamilton, in his new work on Military Surgery, in treating of the subject of temperance in armies, mentions the interesting fact that during the Revolutionary war, the Fourth Massachusetts Regiment lost, in three years, by sickness, not more than five or six men. This was at a time when the troops were not paid, and, consequently, cut off from the luxury of stimulants. Similar facts were noticed during the second war with Great Britain, under precisely similar circumstances. We don't know, adds the Boston Medical Journal, when we have met with a stronger argument for temperance than this; it cannot be too diligently remembered at the present time.

OLD AND NEW BULLETS.—The English Scientific Journals are full of curious speculations on momentum and the range of deadly projectiles. The use of peculiarly shaped bullets, like the Minie, or cannon balls like the Whitworth, is because they have a high initial velocity and less resistance upon the atmosphere. This initial velocity is gained by their fitting the gun tightly and getting the whole power of the powder before it leaves the gun. Otherwise, a round shot would be better—for it is a curious fact that a spherical bullet fired from an old muzzle loader, laid at an angle of thirty-five degrees, and the flight was possible in the vacuum, would not touch the ground short of eight miles.

DESIRE OF SOLDIERS FOR WATER IN BATTLE.—A soldier who was in the Bethel fight, writes:—"Some of us have had very narrow chances for life. In the course of the fight, several of us ran across a road along which the cannon of the enemy were constantly playing, in order to get water. I don't know the way, that on the battle-field a man will risk his life, without hesitation, for water.) Having got it, we were waiting to rush back again, dodging the balls in order to do so.—Our Third Lieutenant was shot in the head; many of you came at once.' I, with some others, stopped to allow the next lot to pass. They made a rush, and when nearly across, a cannon ball came whizzing along and killed four men, mowing them down with them instantly. One was of our own corps, one of the East Boston company, one a Lieutenant of Artillery, and one unknown to me. On seeing this we immediately made a rush after them, but, though running the same risk, went safely over."

ICE FOR VEGETABLES.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, writing from the blockading steamer Wabash, says:—

"An adventurous smuggler, who got a few hundred pounds of fresh provisions on board the Wabash, said that hundreds of men in Charleston would sell us things, but that they feared we would hang them up at the yard-arm. 'Have ye not bound yourself to kill all the Southern people you can catch?' said he to one of our officers. Such a question indicates a state of feeling which pretty satisfactorily accounts for the enthusiasm of the southern rebels.

"What do you think of the following note from a feminine 'rebel:'

"Madame L. G——— sends her compliments to the officers of the United States man of war, now anchored off the harbor. If they are agreeable, she will exchange all sorts of garden vegetables for ice.

"Although our stock of frozen water was very short, two pailfulls of the best Rockland Lake went to the lady.

"'And blessed forever is she who relied
On Northern honor and Northern pride.'"

CLEANSING GUN BARRELS.—We see in the Scientific American, and other papers, recipes for cleansing gun barrels. They are all open to the objection that they involve the use of water, thus requiring time to dry the barrels, and incurring the danger of rust. We gave a method used by scientific sportsmen with success: Get a quantity of quicksilver, which can be kept in a strong pill box, and when the barrel is foul, drive the thumb upon the nipple, pour the quicksilver in at the mouth, and then run it up and down for a few minutes. Turn it back into the box, and the barrel will be perfectly clean. The mercury forms an amalgam with the lead and removes it. That lead can be taken from the mercury by straining.

EXTRA PAY FOR LABOR.—When it is necessary to employ the army at work on fortifications, in surveys, in cutting roads, and other constant labor for not less than ten days, the non-commissioned officers and soldiers so employed are enrolled as extra duty men, and are allowed 25 cents a day when employed as laborers and teamsters, and 40 cents a day when employed as mechanics, at all stations East of the Rocky Mountains; and 35 and 50 cents per day, respectively, at all stations West of those mountains.

Enlisted men of the Ordnance and Engineer Departments and artificers of Artillery, are not entitled to this allowance when employed in their appropriate work.

A day's work shall not exceed ten hours in summer, and eight in winter. Overtime is paid in proportion for any greater number of hours they are employed each day. Summer is considered to commence on the 1st of April and winter on the 1st of October.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—Last evening, as your correspondent was walking out from Fort Monroe, a woman was observed carefully advancing step by step across the bridge from the encampments towards the fort. At moment served to confuse me that she either was or was pretending to be blind. The former proved to be the case. As I approached she inquired how far she was from the fort to which she was going, and then, in answer to my question, she said to me the story. She was from New York, and had an only son in one of the regiments encamped on the outposts.

Though blind, to use her own words, she had accomplished the whole journey from New York, and had just been out to the camp to "see" her son. On her arm was an empty basket, in which she had borne little delicacies which her affectionate mother's love would suggest. She had had a guide, but his "pass" would not permit him to accompany her further than the further end of the bridge; so that she was left, blind and alone, to find her way in the twilight, back to the fort—a distance of more than a mile. Presently a couple of privates going in the same direction, approached. I presented her case to them, and one of them readily and respectfully offered his arm to the afflicted mother, and they passed on. God bless the widow and the widow's son!—*Letter from Fortress Monroe.*

A BIRD'S NEST IN A CAMP.—Miss Catharine Beecher, travelling in the West, relates in a private letter, the following pretty incident:—"At the camp at Lafayette (Indiana,) we saw quite a novel sight. It was a bird feeding its young, directly in the midst of the camp. The soldiers found it there on coming out—its nest in the grass, with eggs. They drove stakes around to protect it, and when the lady-bird saw what brave, stalwart fellows were around her, she concluded she was safe. So among drums, muskets, cannon, and all manner of camp uproar, she sat and quietly hatched out her young. Then the soldiers put the little ones in a cage and hung them in the corner of the camp—and as we drove along, we saw the two parent birds feeding them."

THE following article from the Western Reserve Chronicle is so apropos, that we give it an insertion in our columns:—

WARNING AND ADVICE.

Citizen Soldier:—As you prepare to go forth to battle, by all means provide yourself with a good supply of "Perry Davis's Pain Killer"—it may be the means of saving your life from many diseases incident to camp life—it has saved hundreds: be sure you get the pure Perry Davis' Pain Killer, it is the only reliable preparation of the kind in all cases.

FRIENDS OF THE SOLDIER,

let me say to you in brotherly kindness, put a Bible in one end of the soldier's kit and a bottle of genuine Perry Davis Pain Killer in the other, and it may be the means of insuring his safe return—trust to no other preparation.

FARMERS,

provide yourself with Perry Davis's Pain Killer at this season of the year when Cholic, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, &c., may disable your hands—use it in every case of the kind, and my ears for it, if it does not effect a speedy cure—but be sure you trust to no other remedy but the old long tried Perry Davis Pain Killer which has never to my knowledge failed.

PARENTS,

and especially mothers who have the more immediate care of children, permit me to say with candid earnestness, never lay down to rest at night with the health and happiness of your children at heart, without having the Perry Davis Pain Killer at hand—trust to no other Pain preparations or panaceas—they may, and often do fail in critical cases—but the Perry Davis, never —no, never. If you heed not this timely warning, the fault is your own, as Perry Davis's Pain Killer is in nearly every store throughout the length and breath of our land, and all over the civilized world.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been dull and unsettled; sales reach 10,000 bbls in lots, mostly for shipment, at $4,50@4,62½ for spring wheat superfine; $4,75@5 for winter do, the latter for good, straight brands; $4,75@5,25 for extras; $5@5,50 for family, and from $5,75 to $6,62½ for fancy brands, the quality, including 850 barrels good Lancaster extra at a price kept private; about 1000 bbls Western do also at a private bargain, and some small lots Western middlings and fine Flour at $4@4,12½ ₩ bbl. Rye Flour has declined, and 400 bbls have been taken in lots at $3,25 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal is also rather lower, and 800 bbls sold at $2,62½ for Pennsylvania, and $2,87½ ₩ bbl for Brandywine Meal, mostly of the latter.

GRAIN.—The receipts and sales of Wheat have been to a fair extent, with sales of some 35,000 bus at 90@98c for spring, the latter for prime lots; $1,01@1,04 for Western and Pennsylvania winter reds, as in quality, included in the sales are also some Southern reds at $1,25 to $1,28, afloat, the latter for very choice lots, and white in a small way at $1,30 to $1,40, as in quality. Rye is in better demand, Pennsylvania selling at 60@62c. Corn comes in slowly, about 1000 bus yellow found buyers at 50@54c, in store and float, as in quality. Oats are dull, and rather lower, with sales of 10,000 bus, mostly Southern, at 29c@30c afloat, including some small lots of Pennsylvania at 30c.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for all kinds continues limited, and the market generally dull and drooping. Mess Pork selling in a retail way only at $16½@17 ₩ bbl; 200 bbls city packed do, and 100 bbls clear sold for exportation at $17, but could not learn. Beef is unchanged, and the sales limited. Bacon moves off as wanted at 9c@10½c for plain and fancy hams, and 6½@6¾c for Shoulders. Nothing doing in Sides. Of Green Meats, we note sales of 300 casks pickled Hams at 7½@8c, mostly at the latter rate for prime sugar cured; a sale in salt was made at 7c, and Shoulders in salt at 5½c, usual terms. Lard is unsettled. Tes and bbls are held at 9@9½c, and kegs at 9¾@10c, with sales of 500 pkgs, part country packed, within this rage. Butter is arriving and selling slowly at 8@9c ₩ lb, the latter for packed. Cheese is dull and lower, with sales at 8@8c, as in quality. Eggs are also lower, and selling at 12c@14c ₩ doz.

COTTON—Holders are very firm in their views —the sales comprise some 250 bales, taken in small lots, within the range of 12½@13c cash for ordinary to good middling Uplands and Gulfs.

ASHES are firm, with a small business to note at $5,50@5,75 the 100 lbs.

BARK—The receipts and sales of Quercitron are light and the demand steady at fully former rates, transaction reaching some 60@70 hhds at $29 for Ist No 1, including one lot on terms kept private. Tanners' bark continues dull and unsettled, prices ranging at $8@11 for Spanish, $8@9 for Chestnut, $5 for Peach, and $4 ₩ cord for red Oak.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and good Yellow is quiet at 30c ₩ lb.

COAL.—Prices are firm and on the advance.

COFFEE.—The receipts and stocks continue very light and the market firm, with a moderate inquiry from the trade at fully former rates, sales include some 1500 bags Rio, mostly at 13@13¼c for fair quality, and Laguayra in small lots at 13½@13¾c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER is dull, with some further sales of Yellow Metal at 17c, 6 mos.

FRUIT—Nothing doing worthy of notice.

HAY is dull, Timothy selling as wanted at 65 @67½c for 100 lbs.

HEMP is quiet; the stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, who are doing very little.

HOPS are firmer, but the sales continue light, prices ranging from 13c to 20c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are not inquired for.

IRON—There is no new feature in the market, and nothing doing in the way of sales to alter quotations, which are nearly nominal, both for Pig and Manufactured Iron. Scotch Pig is also very quiet.

LEAD is held with more firmness, and we hear of a sale of 1000 pigs Galena on terms kept private.

LUMBER—There is very little doing in the way of sales. Susquehanna Boards range at $12@15, and Lehigh Hemlock do at $10. Raft Lumber comes in to a fair extent, and Pickets are plenty, and prices unsettled; small sales of the former are making at $1,50. Southern Shingles are all out of first hands, of White Pine do, further sales are making at $14@17 ₩ M.

MOLASSES—The market is quiet, and the only transactions are some small sales Cuba at 36c, 6 mos, and fair New Orleans at 25c, all 4 months.

RICE—The demand is very limited, and the market is quiet at 3¾c ₩ lb, as in store.

SEEDS are at a stand still and without any change to note in price or demand; a sale of 500 bags Calcutta Linseed was made on terms kept secret.

SPIRITS—Brandies are firm, but very inactive, and rums steady with limited sales at quotations; N. E. Rum sells slowly at 29@30c. In whiskey there is not much doing, Pennsylvania and Ohio bbls selling at 16½@17c, and hhds at 16¾c, closing dull.

SUGARS—The market has ruled very quiet this week and prices the same; sales reaching some 1000 hhds Cuba, mostly at 5c ₩ lb, on time.

TALLOW continues dull at 8@9c for city rendered, country is selling at 8c ₩ lb.

TOBACCO—Holders are firm in their views, but there is little or nothing doing in either leaf or manufactured.

WOOL—There is little or nothing doing in this staple, the demand is limited, and a few small sales of the medium and low grades only are reported.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 29, 1861.

Alabama	20 dis.	Missouri	25 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	5 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	5 dis.	New York City	1 dis.
Georgia	25 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	60 to 70 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	10 dis.	NovaScotia	— dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Penney vania par to	1 dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	25 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	40 dis.
Mary and	1 to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	5 dis.	Virginia	15 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	25 to 30 dis.
Mississippi	—		

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1343 head. Prices varying from $8 to 9¼ ₩ cwt. 75 Cows were sold at from $20 to 35 ₩ head. 5000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $6,00 to 7,00 ₩ cwt, net.—700 Hogs brought from $5 to 6 ₩ cwt, net.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
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JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. D. L. Patterson, Mr. ALBERT TEAGUE, to Miss SARAH JANE, daughter of Isaac Underdown, both of this city.

On April 13th, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Mr. J. G. CALLIS, of Carlisle, to Miss MARY J. NAGLE, of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. JOHN SCHOYER, to Miss HARRIET E. DUNKEL, both of this city.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, MORDECAI V. ASHMORE, to AMANDA R. MORRIS, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM TINSLEY, of Chester county, to Miss MARY E. RUANE, of this city.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, D. D., Mr. JOHN STEWART, to Miss ELLEN MITCHELL, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. M. Martin, Mr. WILLIAM W. WALMSLEY, of California, to Miss ANNA L. SMITH, of this city.

On the 19th of May, by the Rev. Dr. Metcalf, Mr. DAVID H. LAMB, to Miss MARY A. WILSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, at West Farms, Westchester county, N. Y., Mrs. CATHERINE BOLTON, in her 61st year, wife of Mr. Jas. Bolton, Esq. and eldest daughter of Wm. Orrell, of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. SUSANAH CARMANS, aged 76 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. FRANCES MINTZER, in her 76th year.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. MARY PEPPER, relict of the late Geo. Pepper, in her 82d year.

On Monday, June 24th, MARINUS W. PIKE, Esq. in his 80th year.

On the 23d ultimo, at his late residence, in Haddonfield, N. J., WILLIAM WATSON, in his 82d year.

On the 26th ultimo, CARRIE L. daughter of James and Caroline A. Magee.

On the 17th ultimo, in Iroquois county, Illinois, WILLIAM R. T. THOMAS, formerly a resident of this city, aged 26 years.

On the 25th ultimo, after a lingering illness, WILLIAM D. MARSHALL, in his 53d year.

In Pennsgrove, N. J. on the 24th ultimo, Mr. THOMAS NAYLOR, aged 84 years.

On the 23d ultimo, MARY JANE, wife of Henry Palmer, and daughter of Stacy Shinn, in her 25th year.

TURNIP SEED.—The subscribers offer all the following varieties of Turnip Seed of the growth of 1861, which will be ready for delivery by the 6th of July.

5000 lbs Early White Flat Dutch (strap-leaved.)
5000 lbs Early Purple Top.
1000 lbs Yellow Russia or Ruta Baga.
1000 lbs White Ruta Baga.

All of which will be sold at the lowest prices by ROGERS & GEST,
No. 133 Market St., Philada.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

We had heard a great deal in reference to this article as a restorer and renovator of the human hair, but were disposed at first to consider many of the statements exaggerated. A friend of ours, who had lately been so ill as to have his head shaved, was induced, at our suggestion, to give it a trial. The result is, that in a week a very perceptible difference can be seen in the growth of the patient's hair. He assures us that he is thoroughly convinced of its beneficial effects from his own experience, and is fully determined to continue its use.—*Westmoreland Times.*

Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston.
Sold by dealers generally, at 50c. a bottle.

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Invalids who may visit the House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected,) and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals*—the "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world, attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited. All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon Artist,
oc16-1y 1609 Chesnut St., Philada.

AGENTS WANTED,

For a Curious Book of NEW YORK SOCIETY—written by a lady—containing more romance in Truth than we commonly find in works of Fiction. It describes the *Habits of Life and Peculiar Appearances* of Fascinating Ladies, Old Men's Darlings, Ladies of Pleasure, Dashing Widows, Women in Black, Widows Daughters, Ladies of Fashion, Adventuresses, Bogus Ladies, Confidence Women, and others as mysterious to the outside world. Fancy binding, 350 pages, 50 engravings. Mailed free, for One Dollar

☞ Agents Wanted. For full particulars inclose a stamp. Address HANKINS & CO.,
jly6-4t Nassau St., New York City.

CEPHALIC PILLS.

CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the appetite, giving *tone and vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF

SPALDING'S CEPHALIC PILLS,

WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM

HEADACHE,

THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, *they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.*

MARSHALLVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

MR. SPALDING,
SIR:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige

Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.

MR. SPALDING,
SIR:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA., January 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING,
SIR:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*

Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. SPALDING, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to them.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, usually lasting two days, *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her.

Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO, January 9, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.,
DEAR SIR,

Inclosed find twenty five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Yours truly,
WM. C. FILLER.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instantly.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.

Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE ☜

is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

Homes for the Industrious!

IN THE

GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE

1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,

In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

MECHANICS, FARMERS & WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious part of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the United States where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce every great staples, Corn and Wheat, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

Of the State lies within the zone of the Cotton regions while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp. Wheat is worth from 125 to 150 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with much more ease than that of the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and is said to be rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other railroads and public lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The unerrable ruin that is to overtake the forests of Illinois has not begun. Fuel and lumber are cheapest, will follow as an early day in Illinois, and in the meantime the proximity to the natural forests and connection of the coals warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the mines of Illinois in various manufacturing establishments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroads of Illinois. Inasmuch as a part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable portion of the lands, go to remain the State expense; the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,146,356 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $1,960,746 30, and we may reasonably expect that on ten years it will become entirely paid.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Cent. R. R., see pages 135, 136 & 136, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with populations; 862,093 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,083, a ratio of 101 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products of 1860, and during the past year exceeded 1,600,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approximated 34,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yielded not less than 150,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate returns for his labor as upon these exquisite soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,200,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains a clause forfeiting the land if not cultivated. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $50,000,000 In 1850 the population of Forty-nine counties through which the road now passes was 348,954; there are 293 have been added; making the whole population 614,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 9,000,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 tons of fuel were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in the light of day, and not grow in ignorance, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the West, the Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands are offered at from $12 to $17 per acre, and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with timber land is as follows, viz: the former is from one third to one half of the expense of subduing that of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four deed notes, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the costs at stipulating that one tenth part of the land purchased shall be fenced and cultivated each and every year, for five years from date of sale; so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be sold in dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

nov6-eowly

R. DOLLARD,
613 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

Inches.	Inches.
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Fronts, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. 18 nov6-eowly

WHAT HAS JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE DONE?

It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.
It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.
It has cured complicated Diseases.
It has cured BLINDNESS and WEAK EYES.
It has cured Disease of the HEART.
It has cured DROPSY and WATERY SWELLINGS.
It has cured WHITE SWELLINGS.
It has cured DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has removed ENLARGEMENT of the ABDOMEN, and of the Ovaries, and Bones and Joints.
It has cured ERYSIPELAS and Skin Diseases.
It has cured BOILS and CARBUNCLES.
It has cured GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.
It has cured FUNGUS HEMATODES.
It has cured MANIA and MELANCHOLY.
It has cured MILK or WHITE LEG.
It has cured MERCURIAL Diseases.
It has cured SCALD HEAD.
It has cured ERUPTIONS on the Skin.
It has cured SCROFULA, or King's Evil.
It has cured ULCERS of every kind.
It has cured Diseases of the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.
It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.
It has cured CHOREA, or St. Vitus' Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.
It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and FETTER.
It has cured thousands of Female Complaints
In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative is found to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sp13-tf

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $5 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,)
or box 0 ACTON & CO.,
37 North Sixth St., Philada.

WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?

Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a fœtid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and for sale by Agents throughout the country. sp13-tf

DEATH MAY ENSUE,

Says a distinguished medical writer,

FROM THE USE

OF MINERAL HAIR DYES.

To avoid such a contingency,

USE ONLY

CRISTADORO'S EXCELSOIR DYE,

Proved by the

ANALYSIS OF DR. CHILTON

to be the best hair dye in existence, and

WHOLLY FREE FROM POISON.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. jn22-eow3t

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION,

Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,

Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and has thus created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant properties.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS, and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sp13-tf

Wit and Humor.

REMARKS ON ELECTRICITY—

After the Manner of the Partington.

Electricity was never known to the ancients till Dr. Franklin came among them. He caught a large quantity of it down from the clouds, one day, put it in a bottle, and left it for Mr. Merriam, who has been distributing it in small pieces over the earth. He keeps a small piece, exactly the color of a rainbow, tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief. The supply of electricity is sometimes very scant, which is the cause of much sickness. At such times the deficiency is made up by rubbing the backs of Tom cats backwards, very hard, or by telling some mother that her baby has a pug nose, when her eyes will flash sufficient to supply a whole neighborhood for a month. The stars that people see when they fall down and strike the backs of their heads, are not the real stars up in the sky, but the electric lights from the eyes, caused by bringing the head in contact with the earth, and closing the circle.

A good deal of electricity is used up in courting-matches up East, on winter nights, as the couples sit so far apart that they are obliged to communicate with each other by means of the fluid. (This latter word is derived from the *peterit* "flew" of the verb to fly, because it flies about.) A good deal of the electricity is used up by professors of animal magnetism, who carry it in their sleeves and pour it out on the soft spots of people's heads. "Positive electricity" is that which a man is very sure he knows about; and "negative electricity" is that which he denies. "Electrical affinities" I don't know much about, but believe that they find most of them in the neighborhood of Berlin, Ohio. Some substances are good "conductors" of electricity—others are not. The man who ran one railroad train into another at Philadelphia, and killed so many—was not a good conductor. Glass is a bad conductor; a good many men use it to conduct liquor to their mouths—which is bad. Telegraph machines are worked by electricity, which is carried round by a man on a circuit. (This man is not a Methodist preacher, nor the one commonly called a "circus rider.") Telegraph lines are those in which the wires are used for hanging clothes on to dry. Human people are very good conductors of electricity—as is sometimes proved by holding a pitchfork in the hands, the prongs upwards, and standing out in a heavy thunder-shower. The worst of it is, that in such cases the people don't tell, afterwards, what happened to them. The Atlantic Cable is not considered a good conductor.

IN THEIR CUPS.

In Mr. S. C. Hall's lecture on the authors of the age, an amusing anecdote—*apropos* of Wordsworth's fondness for talking about himself—comes out. Wordsworth and Haydon, the painter, had been dining together in London, and both, rather elevated with wine, were walking along the street, when a young gentleman, seeing they were somewhat unsteady upon their feet, offered his assistance, and so, leaning upon his arm the two great men were conducted to a coach-stand. Turning to the young gentleman, Wordsworth said—

"Sir, you have been courteous to a stranger, I will now tell you who I am. I am the poet Wordsworth."

"And I," said Haydon, "am Benj. Robert Haydon, the historic painter."

The young man, who had hitherto been so attentive, dropped their arms immediately, and, indignant at what he believed to be a hoax, exclaimed—

"You are a pair of drunken vagabonds!" and left them in the middle of the street.

GAVE HIS AUTHORITY.—There are persons who seem to think that editors regard it as one of the greatest intellectual luxuries to "pitch into" somebody, and they suppose themselves to have conferred a great favor by furnishing belligerent contributions, in which some person, corporation or society is soundly abused. Such people may take a hint from the following:

A noted chap once stepped into the sanctum of a venerable and highly respectable editor, and indulged in a tirade against a citizen with whom he was on bad terms.

"I wish," said he, addressing the man with the pen, "that you would write a very severe article against R——, and put it in your paper."

"Very well," was the reply.

The next morning he came rushing into the office in a violent state of excitement.

"What did you put in your paper? I have had my nose pulled and been kicked twice."

"I wrote a severe article, as you desired," calmly replied the editor, "and mentioned your name as my authority for it."

NOTIONS OF MUSIC.—"Hello, Sam—so you've got to work again?" said a waggish friend of ours, as he entered the shop of an acquaintance.

"No, Jim—nary job yet" replied Sam.

"Then what are you doing filing saws?"

"Filing saws, Jim? Why, I ain't been filing anything."

"What were you doing a minute ago, as I came in?"

"Nothing—only sitting here and singing."

"Singing? Were you singing?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that's it, then!" replied Jim, with an innocent air; "I thought you were filing a saw!"

☞ A green one, who had crossed the Atlantic, told a story of a storm, when the rain poured down in such torrents that the ocean rose six inches. "There's no mistake," said he, "because the captain kept a mark on the side of the vessel."

SQUILLS AND SODA.

A few days since, a countryman and recently espoused wife visited the city for the purpose of seeing the volunteers. While strolling through the streets, they thought they would indulge in the luxury of a glass of soda. Entering an apothecary store, they made known their wants.

"What kind of syrup?" asked the man of pills.

"Wall, I guess I'll take some of the syrup of squilla," the countryman answered.

"We do not use that kind," the clerk said.

"I knows you don't, bekase it's county. I will have the syrup of squilla."

The druggist remonstrated, but all to no purpose. His customer would have the squills, remarking:

"All the other syrups is made of sugar, lemon drops, sassapariller, and such things, to humbug folks."

The squills were procured, and our hero requested to pour out for himself; and he did so, taking a bountiful quantity, in order to get his money's worth.

The heroine being asked how she would prefer hers, raised herself to the supposed dignity of a city belle, and replied:

"Reckon as how I'll try mine without any squills or any sweetening."

Her wish was complied with, for the druggist was nonplussed at the independence of the apparently happy pair. They touched their glasses, drank, and sat down, as they remarked, "to let it settle." In passing their own opinions on the drinks, they gave anything but a favorable decision. In a few moments our hero began to experience a new internal sensation.

"Jarusalem!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter with my stomach?" And before an answer was returned up came the squills and soda.

"I'm pisened!" he moaned. "Only married three days, and got to die! Pump it out of me, somebody. I'll give a doctor fifty cents to save my life!"

The wife fell on her knees and attempted to comfort her husband, but he was not to be cheered—and not until the last of the squills had left his stomach, did he entertain a hope of remaining in this world. The couple left the store vowing vengeance against the man who told them to call for squills to sweeten their soda.

GLASGOW HABITS.—Only forty years ago, the way of getting rid of the ladies after dinner, at Glasgow, was to propose, as a toast, "The trade of Glasgow, and *the outward bound*." Of the drinking judges of the day, Lord Hermand was the most famous. "A case of some great offence was tried before him, and the counsel pleaded extenuation for his client in that he was *drunk* when he committed the offence. "Drunk!" exclaimed Lord Hermand, in great indignation; "if he could do such a thing when he was drunk, what might he not have done when he was *sober*!" evidently implying that the normal condition of human nature, and its most hopeful one, was a condition of intoxication.—*Reminiscences of Scottish Life.*

SCOTCH WIT.—A little boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by over-feeding. The uncle was one day walking out, the child at his side, when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. While the elders were talking, the little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry: "Oh, doggie, doggie! and div ye live wi' your uncle, tae, that yours are so thin?"

THE VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS.

Florence was once desolated with a plague. Hundreds died with disease, and thousands died with fear and melancholy. The dead-cart went its dismal round in the streets, day and night, and men and women fled away from the kindred of their own blood the moment that the fell suspicion of plague was discovered. All was gloom—darkness—desolation. All, did I say? Not so! There was one little villa with hanging gardens, just outside the walls, but within the reach of the infected air—a place where the flowers blew, and the trees waved, and the birds sang, and the water plashed, and where Nature was just as beautiful as it had been in the days when plague had not yet desolated the fair land of Italy. Thither went some scores of fair women and gallant men, and there they ate and drank and slept, and read old ballads and told tales, and thrummed old ballads on the guitar, and lay lazily on the grass looking up in each other's eyes, and thanked God with merry hearts for what they had enjoyed, and took no care for the evil of pestilence which might fall upon them, and lived and loved as they might have done at another time in history. So all the long, sad summer to Florence; and though they never fled away from the city, or escaped the tainted air that would creep out even into the Val d'Arno—not one died—not one sickened, while the work of desolation went on among the thousands and thousands they had left behind them. And to this day, in the Decamerone, are preserved the charming stories with which the bards and *raconteurs* beguiled the time during that long period.

Why did they live when others died? Not alone because the flowers were fresher, or because the air was purer than within the gates of Florence; but that they had not lost the hope and idea of living, and looked up instead of down, and kept the heart high instead of allowing it to faint and grovel. Whoever will, of the social or business world, may take this lesson and put it in his vest pocket, and read it every morning while the war shadow looms over the land, and take his coffee and his enjoyment together, and thereby make the world the richer eventually.

We had sweet dreams the other night,
When all around was still—
We dreamed we saw a host of folks
Walk up and pay the printer's bill!

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

WHAT must inevitably happen if they continue increasing the size of those newly invented balloon hulls.

FOUND OUT.

Just consider what life would be if every rogue was found out, and flogged *coram populo!* What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless swishing of the rod! Don't cry out about my misanthropy. My good friend Mealymouth, I will trouble you to tell me, do you go to church? When there, do you say, or do you not, that you are a miserable sinner? and saying so, do you believe or disbelieve it? If you are a M. S., don't you deserve correction, and aren't you grateful if you are to be let off? I say again, what a blessed thing it is that we are not all found out. Just picture to yourself everybody that does wrong being found out and punished accordingly. Fancy all the boys in all the school being whipped—and then the assistants, and then the head master (Dr. Bradford, let us call him). Fancy the provost marshal being tied up, having previously superintended the correction of the whole array. After the young gentlemen have had their turn for their faulty exercises, fancy Dr. Lincolnshire being taken up for certain faults in *his* "Essay and Review"—After the clergyman has cried his peccavi, suppose we hoist up a bishop, and give him a couple of dozen! I see my Lord Bishop of Double Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right reverend bench) After we have cast off the bishop, what are we to say to the minister who appointed him? My Lord Cinque arden, it is painful to have to have to use personal correction to a boy of your age, but really * * * *Siste tandem, carnifex!* The butchery is too horrible. The hand drops powerless, appalled at the quantity of birch which it must cut and brandish. I am glad we are not all found out, I say again, and protest, my dear brethren, against our having our hearts. To fancy all men found out and punished is bad enough; but imagine all women found out in the distinguished social circle in which you and I have the honor to move. Is it not a mercy that many of these fair criminals remain unpunished and undiscovered? There is Mrs. Longbow, who is forever practising, and who shoots poisoned arrows, too; when you meet her you don't call her liar, and charge her with the wickedness she has done and is doing. There is Mrs. Painter, who passes for a most respectable woman and a model in society. There is no use in saying what you really know regarding her and her goings on. There is Diana Hunter—what a little haughty prude it is; and yet we know stories about her which are not altogether edifying. I say it is best, for the sake of the good, that the bad should not all be found out. You don't want your children to know the history of that lady in the next box who is so handsome and whom they admire so? Ah, me! what would life be if we were all found out and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanence; and then who would hang Jack Ketch?—*Roundabout Papers.*

SALT WATER SEAS AND FISH BECOMING FRESH IN CONSTITUTION.—A paper was read recently at the French Academy of Sciences by M. Babinet, on the diminution of salt in certain seas. Those inland seas like the Euxine, which are constantly receiving fresh water from rivers, while their salt is constantly flowing out by some outlet, such as the Bosphorus, will in the course of time be transformed into fresh water lakes. This has been the case with Lake Baikal, in Siberia, the waters of which were once salt, but are now almost as pure as distilled water. During this process, which has taken ages to accomplish, the fish which were indigenous before have continued so, although the water is so much changed. There are herring and seals in the lake, which are similar to those in the salt Polar Seas. M. Babinet concludes, therefore, that herring and seals may be acclimatized in fresh-water rivers and lakes.

☞ HOW TO DISCOVER FOOLS.—A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, in the course of a class examination, was asked by a professor, "Pray, Mr. E., how would you discover a fool?" "By the question he would ask," said Mr. E.

☞ The most extraordinary run at billiards yet known, is recorded of a young player named David James, at Mount Vernon, Ohio, who scored 3,598 points without break, at the three ball carom game.

SCOTLAND IN 1660.

Bare legs were then the prevalent fashion among the poorer female classes; and even the maid-servants in gentlemen's houses displayed a similar morning toilet. The undress of both sexes was often coarse and slovenly beyond any example, even among the poorer orders in modern days. Gentlemen used to walk about all the morning in greasy nightcaps and dirty dressing-gowns, or threadbare coats. The elder ladies wore large linen caps called *toys*, encroaching on the face, and tied under the chin, and worsted short gowns and aprons. The clergy were not less slovenly than their neighbors. Many of them were colored clothes of very coarse materials. Blue was the common color for full dress among that profession. Butcher's meat was rarely eaten by laborers and servants, except in the houses of stock farmers, who found their account in consuming at home that part of their stock which was unfit for sale. There was no regular butcher market except in towns and the larger villages, and the articles brought to market consisted chiefly of mutton, lamb and veal. Even in principal towns beef was seldom to be had in the market.

Yet beef was only 2d. or 2½d. a pound of 17½ ounces, and never exceeded 4d.; lamb, 1½d.; veal, 4d. and 6d.; and mutton in like proportion. The carcass of a whole lamb might be got for 1s. or 1s. 6d.; and butter and cheese 24 ounces to the pound, cost 3d. or 4d. Many conveniences were wanting; in the kitchen the utensils were few and clumsy; jacks had not been invented. Household furniture was simple enough: wooden platters served for farmers and many of the clergy; in some higher families, pewter vessels were seen. In many gentlemen's houses there were no grates in the bed-rooms,—the fire, when a fire there was, being kindled on the hearth; and at bed-time visitors were paired off to sleep together (two gentlemen or two ladies), though of different age or rank, and strangers to each other.

Useful Receipts.

TO MAKE RHUBARB WINE.—To one gallon of water add four pounds of ripe rhubarb, thoroughly bruised; let it stand in the tub four days; stir it frequently; then strain it; to one gallon of liquor put four pounds of good brown sugar, the juice of one, and the peel of one-half a lemon; to every ten gallons, one ounce of isinglass and one pint of brandy; put in a cask; after the fermentation is over, bung it tight; let it stand one year or more, and then bottle it for use. If kept three or four years, it will sparkle like Champagne.

GINGER BEER.—Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire: add to it two ounces of good ginger, bruised, and two pounds of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for about half an hour. Then skim the liquor and pour it into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon, and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teacupful of yeast, to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made; and after it has worked for two days, strain it, and bottle it for use. Tie down the corks firmly.

TO COOK TROUT AT THE WATER-SIDE, A LA CHASSEUR.—Wash, but do not open them—wrap one up in three or four folds of a newspaper, twisted tightly round it, and then soaked well in water; have a fire of wood burning very brightly, but chiefly in embers, and thrust the trout, &c., into the middle, and let it remain for five or seven minutes. When the trout is done enough, the skin will come off easily, and the result you will find excellent. It is as well to take some bread, butter, salt and pepper with you, as well as some "bass," as you will find appetite and relish at the water-side.

MODE OF TOUGHENING WORMS FOR FISHING.—As the angling season is coming on, my brother anglers may wish to toughen worms; and, as many may not be aware of the process by which it is done, they will be none the worse for getting a hint. Take the worms and put them into bran for about six or eight hours (longer will be apt to kill them); then take them out and put them into damp moss, and use them. They are then very tough, and will, according to the fishing, last a long time.

☞ It is said that all the Presidents of the United States, except General Harrison, had blue eyes. Among the great men of the world blue eyes appear to have been predominant. Socrates, Shakspeare, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Napoleon, Franklin and Humboldt, had blue eyes.

Agricultural.

ENGLISH RAISINS.

Some time towards the end of last September, I received some grapes packed in bran from a correspondent, who wished me to give him their names. There were two bunches—one of the White Frontignan, the other Royal Muscadine. A few grapes were taken from each bunch to ascertain their names; the rest were replaced in the box, and covered with the bran, which had apparently been sifted, as it was very coarse and free from particles of meal. The box was closed, and placed on a shelf in my library near the chimney. A good fire was kept in the room all the autumn and winter up to the present time, the box quite forgotten. On the 28th of March it was by chance opened, and the grapes found to be perfectly sound, but like *green raisins*, and most delicious; the Frontignan flavor quite apparent in one sort, and the Muscadine flavor in the other. This is really a pleasant discovery; for how agreeable it will be to have our grapes, or rather those home-grown raisins, at Christmas, without the trouble of preserving them on the vines, which, as we all know, requires much care and attention. It seems to me, that in a good grape season, when grapes on our walls are plentiful, we have nothing to do but to dry a quantity of bran, sift it thoroughly, and then place our grapes in it in closed boxes, placing them in a dry, warm cupboard, or on a shelf near the chimney. Grapes from our vineries may, of course, be preserved in the same manner; but such large juicy sorts as the Black Hamburgh, will, probably, require looking to if the experiment is tried with them. At any rate, the experiment is simple and inexpensive. In proposing bunches of grapes to be preserved in bran, it occurs to me that the berries should be thinned, so as not to touch each other; the bran will then enclose each berry, and the gradual drying will preserve them effectually.—*From a London Paper.*

"WELL ROTTED MANURE."

This is a favorite expression with many farmers. Well rotted, or wholly rotted manure, works so quick that the purchaser thinks he shall have quick returns from it.

Many farmers put a shovelful of this in each hill of corn and potatoes—and in June they point to the advantages they are having over farmers who use manure before it is well rotted.

Other farmers spread on manure and let it rot in the field—trusting to its doing some service while the operation of rotting is going on. Many farmers dislike to carry manures into their fields till they have become fine enough, by rotting, to be well incorporated with the soil—not considering that green manures are continually giving out matter which will enrich any soil in the operation.

Farmers are now complaining of the depredations of worms among their corn. Are they aware that well rotted manures harbor twice as many worms as manures that are carried directly from the barn and yard before they have had time to ferment—to heat and breed worms?

On our own fields we cannot perceive that the worms have done any more mischief than usual. We never put rotted manure in the hill. But we place a handful of ashes and plaster on each hill *before the corn comes up.*

The seed for an acre of corn costs but very little compared with potatoes—therefore, we can afford to drop six or eight kernels in a hill, and let the worms have a share.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

VACANT SPOTS.—There are neglected corners on almost every farm. Some of these could not be made productive without much labor, and therefore it might not be advisable to look after them now, when harvest is just at hand and the labor of cultivating the growing crops is pressing. Others can be made productive with very little labor, and now is the very time to steal a few hours from the regular farm work and make them contribute to the ingathering of the coming Autumn. In one place you may find a corner, already fenced perhaps, where little or nothing is growing, but on which a crop of buckwheat, if sown this month would promise well; in another, one on which a patch of turnips could be grown advantageously; and in another, a piece of land, where corn for fall feed might well be grown. These are small matters, but are worth attending to. The wise farmer, while making some portion of his farm highly productive, will desire that every portion of it should be producing something.

CLOVER ROOTS.—At the meeting of the Board of Watertown, President Geddes had some clover roots furnished him by a farmer in Onondaga county, one of which measured three feet eight inches, and the roots entered the ground as tap roots. The longest one was evidently broken off in taking up, and probably was six or eight inches longer, making it more than four feet; the others nearly as long. Such appendages as these to the clover plant, in friable soil, may well account for the great value of this plant as a fertilizer.—*N. Y. Journal State Ag. Society.*

SULPHUR FOR POTATOES.—A correspondent of the London Gardener's Chronicle dusted his potato sets with sulphur, and found that it not only drove away slugs, worms and insects, but that the crop was entirely free from the disease, while others in the adjoining row, planted without sulphur, were "seriously damaged by disease."

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 59 letters.

My 3, 34, 56, 42, 41, was one of the seven wise men of Greece.
My 1, 6, 13, 14, 15, 56, 54, 52, was the inventor of the telescope.
My 2, 59, 3, 33, 28, 25, was a celebrated poet.
My 2, 20, 38, 19, 57, 4, 40, 6, was the ancient name of Poland.
My 8, 17, 14, 6, 11, 46, 20, was first settled by the Gaul B. C. 270.
My 48, 50, 19, 31, 17, was a city in ancient Greece, the favorite residence of Hercules.
My 26, 12, 13, 56, was a Swiss patriot.
My 59, 17, 43, 44, 6, 7, 3, were a race that plundered the property of Job.
My 21, 27, 28, 15, 23, 22, 30, 7, 3, were ancient astronomers.
My 53, 52, 19, 9, 10, was a Grecian poet.
My 30, 35, 59, 29, was a modern painter of much celebrity.
My 19, 15, 14, 16, 24, 25, was a celebrated modern writer.
My 5, 42, 19, 34, is sometimes termed the Eternal City.
My 20, 18, 36, 37, 41, 59, was a renowned city in Greece.
My 3, 51, 39, 55, 25, 34, was a celebrated writer.
My 32, 42, 35, 45, 10, 33, 45, 41, was a celebrated modern divine.
My 58, 6, 13, 14, 17, 49, 50, was a Scottish patriot.

My whole was written on the battle monument of Thermopylæ. J. A. CLARK.

Bradford Co., Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is to signify gain,
My second is where you raise all kinds of grain,
An inhabitant of Scotland my third would be named;
My whole is a military General far famed.

SAMUEL S. LAIRD.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a lake in Africa.
Signifies broad stone of honor.
Is one of the United States.
Signifies low countries.
Is a range of mountains in Europe.
Is a strait in Europe.

My initials form a river; my finals place of situation in the old world. S. S. LAIRD.

OMISSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters in two monosyllables.

Omit my 1, 2, 3, and I am a noun or verb.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 6, and I am a noun.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, and I am a noun.
Omit my 4, 5, 6, 7, and I am an adjective.
Omit my 2, 4, 5, and I am a verb.
Omit my 1, 3, 4, 6, and I am an adjective.

My whole every one should have.

Easton, Mo. J. H. LUNBECK.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man and his wife undertake to do a job of work, for which they were to receive $100, as payment therefor. The man alone could do it in 180 days; his wife could do it, also alone, in 240 days; but fearing that they could not finish it in time, they agreed with a boy, that if he would help them they would give him all he earns. They all three went at the job, and finished it in 100 days. How much must they pay the boy? OLD BOOK.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B bought 300 acres of land for $400, each paying $200. A takes 30 acres of improved land, in consequence of which he has to pay 50 cents per acre more than B. How many acres does each one buy, and how much does each one pay per acre? A. D. T.

Elson, Lawrence Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is that which divides by uniting, and unites by dividing? Ans.—A pair of scissors.

☞ Why is the husband of a scolding wife and father of a household of crying children like a railroad? Ans.—Because he has a great many cross-ties.

☞ Why do men who are about to fight a duel, generally choose a *field* for the place of action? Ans.—For the purpose of allowing the balls to *grass*.

☞ Why couldn't Job sleep at night? Ans.—Because he had such miserable comforters.

☞ Why is an orderly schoolmaster like the letter C? Ans.—He makes lasses into classes.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Battle of Resaca de la Palma. ENIGMA—The glorious star-spangled banner. CHARADE—Madison (Madison). RIDDLE—Pack of cards.

Answer to ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM, by G. F. Bloom, published May 25th.—The numbers 42 and 26.—C. E. Merritt, Haynesville, Ohio; Daniel Hurst, Menard, Illinois, and G. S. Alexander, Greensburg, Indiana.

Answer to Asa Witherell's ROBLEM, same date.—93 feet 4 inches.—C. E. Merritt, G. S. Alexander, R. Barto, Pa., and D. Hurst Illinois.

Answer to GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM, by H. D. M. M., published April 27.—The first man receives from the base a frustrum of 37.95 inches; the second, 54.66 inches, and the third, 208.10 inches.—N. P. Blakeslee, North Farmington, Michigan.

Answer to J. F. Humes', same date.—36.056 feet.—N. P. B.

Answer to TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM, May 11th.—30° 225-1000 feet.—N. P. B.

Answers to INTEREST QUESTION, same date.—$36.03.—N. P. B. and W. A. Bolles, Iowa. $36.05.—A. S. Stuver, Ohio. $25.88.—D. Hurst. $25.98.—W. T. Totten.

☞ The first time that Charles XII., of Sweden, was under fire, he inquired what the hissing he heard about his ears was, and being told that it was caused by the musket-balls, "Good," he exclaimed, "this henceforth shall be my music."